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Glackens: Armenian Girl. Oil, 1916 Cover
*Lent by the Barnes Foundation to the Whitney Museum
of American Art*

El Greco: Detail from The Burial of Count Orgaz Frontispiece

Art in the City Room Editorial

Glackens. *By Forbes Watson* 4

Horatio Greenough: Herald of Functionalism 12
By Nancy Wynne and Beaumont Newhall

A Painter Speaks. *By Harold Weston* 16

Notes on Inca and Pre-Inca Ruins in Bolivia and Peru. *By Serge A. Korff* 22

A Sculptor's Summary. *By Anita Weschler* 26

My Photographs of California. *By Edward Weston* 30

Exhibitions 34

News and Comment 43

New Books on Art 48

January Exhibitions 64

A National Calendar

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EL GRECO: JORGE MANUEL, THE ARTIST'S SON, DETAIL FROM "THE BURIAL OF COUNT ORGAZ." REPRODUCED FROM THE PHAIDON EDITION OF "EL GRECO." ISSUED IN AMERICA BY THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, NEW YORK. THE VOLUME CONTAINS 232 GRAVURE MONOCHROME PLATES, THIRTEEN IN COLOR; AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY DR. LUDWIG GOLDSCHIEDER.

ART IN THE CITY ROOM

THOSE LADIES AND GENTLEMEN who wait alertly in the city room for men to bite dogs are among the last remaining supporters of the romantic theory that art is not news. With implicit, old-fashioned faith they continue to believe that something has to be added to art before it can possibly become news. That something, not the art, is the news. It may be dirt, price, love, scandal. If it is not extraneous it will not meet the average city editor's academic tests of news.

Every reporter knows that money, sex, and archaeology are news. And most reporters are taught that if they can't make a story out of it, art is not news. We remember the first "art story" we covered. A young boy, too poor to buy paper and pencil, was in the habit of pocketing chalk in school and drawing in his spare hours on the sidewalk. A settlement art teacher discovered him. He studied in her art classes free. Years passed. A rich man sent him to Paris. He returned and the first picture he sent to the local academy won a prize. That was art news in its essence: sidewalk, settlement, Paris, prize. Log cabin to White House in art.

We mentioned in our story that the young man was about as far from being a genius as the Henry Street Settlement in New York is from the Gare Montparnasse. That editorial matter was deleted to the accompaniment of great sarcasm. We were asked how we expected to write a story about a sidewalk genius if the genius weren't a genius. We said we did not know.

If a starving artist in a garret kills a beautiful model, if the richest man in town pays a few hundred thousand dollars for an old master, if a museum buys a fake, if anything happens to reflect on art, to make it melodramatic, indecorous, debatable, the city editor wakes up with surprise to the idea that there is some art news to be covered. Curiously enough while art is not news the minute the name of art or artist is attached to any other event or condition it trebles the news value.

Take for instance that newspaper term "artists' model" and attach it to any story about a lady, from an automobile accident to a star athlete's bride. The city editor knows what it does. Or take the simple term artist. If a shoemaker, who robs a home, paints on Sundays, two to one the city editor will discover that the one day artist has committed the crime, not the six day shoemaker. Writers and scientists, professors and musicians know this too. They are much better copy criminals than ordinary folks.

While we think it strange that so many editors should be academic about the news, we have worked for enough of them not to have more than passing irritation about their shopworn attitude toward art and artists. This is in part forced upon them since they are permitted to remain uninformed about art. They are taught from cubhood that not many

people are interested in art. Consequently they continue to repeat with reactionary obstinacy that it will be time enough to be interested in art when the crowd is interested. People are interested in books, music and the movies and there's plenty of news about them. Up to a point their logic is excellent. But why does art remain not news when more than a million people a year go to exhibitions in New York City alone and when the annual art business in this country has been estimated at approximately one hundred and fifty million dollars?

It sounds illogical to complain that while art is not news art-plus is, and that it is especially good news when the plus is scandal. That can be explained by mass jealousy. Artists are exceptional people whom the world rewards exceptionally when it rewards them at all. How many workaday men would prefer to be stars in any one of the arts? How many women dream of being prima donnas, star actresses, star movie queens? And what a consolation when one of these symbols of personal success trips. From those who are known to everyone in electric lights to the least known artist, writer, poet, musician, the same rule maintains itself. Why? There is something exceptional about artists, known and unknown, that stirs both admiration and enmity. And when they stumble the city editor smells news.

Why does he not know it otherwise? There is one possible answer. Although it is evident to the outside world that in America the interest in art is spreading so fast as to be almost dangerous, from the point of view of going deep and not always staying on the surface, although hundreds of thousands of dollars are being found to support new chairs of art, new schools, new departments, new scholarships, there must be few newspaper owners alive to the fact. Otherwise the simplest logic would inspire them to hire a few reporters with a thorough art education. By that we do not mean art critics or painters who, having failed at painting, are thought through that very fact to be capable of writing well.

We are still talking of the city room not the Sunday sections. It is our conviction that the American world today is well-packed with untouched gold mines of legitimate uncontaminated art news. The tawdry and superficial attitude toward art characteristic of the dyed in the wool city editor must be revolutionized before these gold mines can produce. Out of the universities whence come many brilliant young men and women today with solid foundation for an intelligent approach to art, a few bright young reporters might be trained who would not be completely up a tree when they went out on an art story. Gradually even those dear old city editors, who consider that the more nonsensical an art story is the more sense it makes, might become educated. That would be a jolly day for art. But let's not be too optimistic.



GLACKENS: FAMILY GROUP. OIL, 1911. LENT TO THE WHITNEY MUSEUM BY MRS. GLACKENS

GLACKENS BY FORBES WATSON

THE WILLIAM GLACKENS Memorial Exhibition which now occupies the Whitney Museum of American Art offers a stirring opportunity to enjoy and study the paintings and drawings of a man who, for over forty years, actively exercised his rare gifts. This he did in a state of happy absorption granted only to the artist whose inner life so possesses him that the practicalities and vulgarities of "getting on" have for him no charms. Such an exhibition is only possible when the conditions are exactly right. They are so right on this memorable occasion that acknowledgment should be made to those who are responsible for the choice, arrangement and completeness of the exhibition. Mrs. Juliana Force, the director of the museum, has been an ardent admirer and warm friend of Glackens for many years. She is the guiding genius of a museum whose lack of pretentiousness and friendly suggestion of privacy make the perfect background for Glackens' paintings and drawings since of all men Glackens was the

least official in spirit. Also, in its curator, Hermon More, the museum has a painter who knows how to hang exhibitions.

To these advantages must be added the fact that Mrs. Force wisely appointed three of the painters who knew Glackens as a man and an artist, Guy Pène du Bois, Leon Kroll and Eugene Speicher, to advise on the exhibition. She collaborated with the committee as did also Mrs. William Glackens. Whatever changes take place in the world's estimate of Glackens, and to judge by the record of other modern painters great changes will take place, those who have arranged this exhibition must feel that they have offered to the public the perfect start toward the eventual and as yet unknown position which time will give to the art of William Glackens.

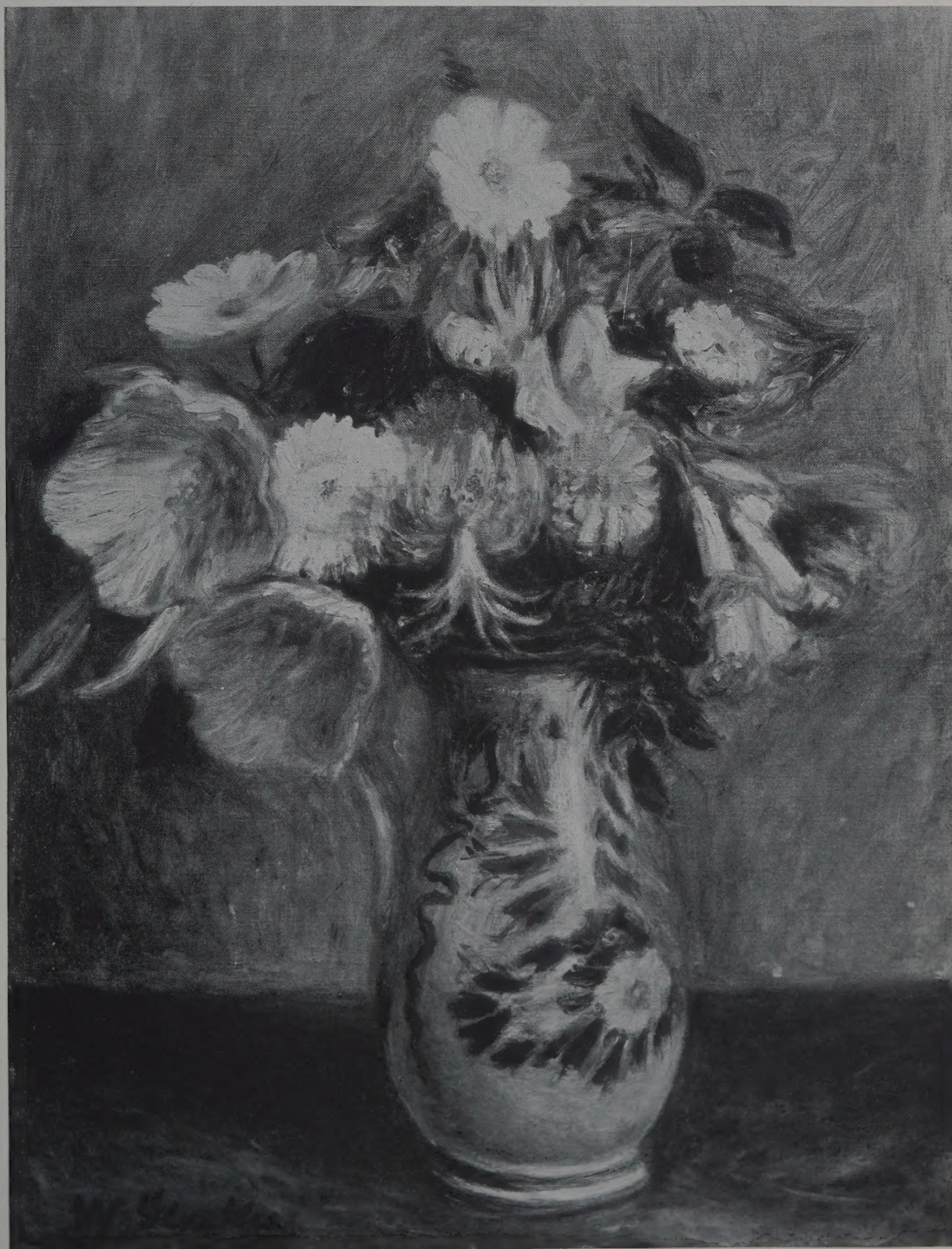
The exhibition covers a period of forty years from 1897 to 1937. Actually Glackens entered the professional world six years earlier when he joined the staff of *The Philadelphia Ledger* "as an artist" at the age of twenty-one. While working

on various newspapers Glackens continued to be an intermittent student at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. In those days the "artist" was as necessary, relatively, to the newspaper as the photographer is today. Neither reproduction processes nor cameras had reached their present wizardry so that it was not the photographer but the "artist" who rushed to record visually the events that the reporter rushed to cover in words.

In 1892 Glackens went to *The Philadelphia Press* and later to *The Ledger*. He returned again to *The Press* so that while still a student he was gaining practical experience in quick, decisive observation and rapid drawing such as no conscious

sketch class offers, for whatever the speed and adverse conditions under which they were done, these rapid sketches had to meet the requirements of newspaper illustration. Finally, in 1895 Glackens made the pilgrimage to Paris usual for artists of that day. There he rented a studio and worked but did not enter the schools.

When he returned to America in 1896 George Luks was the "premier humorist artist" for *The New York World*. Through him Glackens succeeded in getting an assignment to do comic drawings for *The World's* Sunday supplement. This was Glackens' first job in New York. He left it to become a sketch artist on *The New York Herald*. He also began to work for the maga-



GLACKENS: BOUQUET
IN QUIMPER PITCHER.
OIL, 1937. LENT TO THE
MEMORIAL EXHIBITION
AT THE WHITNEY MU-
SEUM BY MRS. WIL-
LIAM GLACKENS



GLACKENS: YULETIDE REVELS, DRAWING. LENT BY MR. ALBERT LEE TO THE MEMORIAL EXHIBITION AT THE WHITNEY MUSEUM

zines, *McClure's* in particular. He was sent to northwest Wisconsin to make drawings of a log drive to illustrate an article by Ray Stannard Baker. Returning from Wisconsin he again worked for a period on *The World*.

At the outbreak of the Spanish War *McClure's* sent him to Florida with instructions to go to Cuba as quickly as possible and join Garcia's army. His drawings were to be sent back as opportunity offered. His instructions were cancelled when it was found that the American army was going to move that summer. Glackens accompanied the American army, together with a great number of other correspondents who were dumped into Cuba to shift for themselves. While in Cuba he contracted a mild attack of malaria. After the campaign was finished he returned to America and again worked for magazines, especially for *Scribner's*. He also began drawing for *The Saturday Evening Post*.

Such were the life and activities of Glackens during his twenties and I still marvel that he took time off to tell me these facts in his old studio in Washington Square, for he was always shy about talking and practically never discussed himself. It is with the work of his late twenties that the exhibition begins historically. Early drawings are here and early paintings, in lower key and simpler palette than his later work. These include the paintings of the Luxembourg Gardens and Central Park. The note of playfulness struck in these earlier works remains clear throughout his later development. Over

and over again a painting brings back historic moments. The long, reclining nude is here recalling the first Independent exhibition where it hung at the foot of the stairs and was ardently discussed by the students. Here too is the large *Portrait Group* with Mrs. Fitzgerald sitting in the chair at the left and Mrs. Glackens perched on the arm of the chair. Mrs. James Preston leans forward on the sofa with Glackens' son Ira in the center. This now famous painting hung in the first gallery on the left in the Armory Show where it was a center of much attention.

We see also the irresistible beach groups and flower pictures, the paintings of the French landscape which Glackens loved so much and knew so well, the unofficial portraits and figures. On every side are old friends admirably illustrating the different steps in his notable development. Not even the full-length portrait of Walter Hampden as Hamlet could stir Glackens to the slightest hint of the official and that, it seems, might be considered the final test. No, from the earliest drawing to the latest painting, play, charm, enjoyment accompany Glackens, like spirits of a brighter world, on his quiet, absorbed and wondering progress.

When we think of him as a master of color composition with his amazing understanding of its infinite complexities we might easily decide that the half dozen years, from the ages of twenty-one to twenty-six, had a small share in his development. Is that true? Looking back at him, a boy of twenty-one in the midst of the rough and ready life of the reporter artist, we can easily imagine that he saw a lot of life and that, fresh to the excitements of meeting the deadline, he had no time to develop the habit of taking himself too seriously. There was no time to become precious or earnest or play the romantic art student. He had to reach the fire, see the fire and draw the scene. He had to draw fast and effectively and be on time. Otherwise there was no money in the envelope at the end of the week and perhaps no job the week following. A few years of this sort of thing and any young man with a keen eye would observe much and fix the habit of observing. Looking at the world would become natural, speculating about one's self rather a bore.

Perhaps it is not too far-fetched to think that the naturally acute vision was so trained by newspaper sketching in his twenties that it helped him all the more to realize later the complexities of color composition. To be sure Glackens had the divine sense, but to realize color means to see relationships in color values and Glackens, in his years of active sketching of the outside world, must have developed an unusual visual grasp. To discuss color after one has examined many of the paintings by Glackens is inevitable. Yet few subjects are more easily misunderstood. For what is meant is not a color like Naples yellow or cerulean blue such as one squeezes out of a tube, but color composition, something that happens only after the artist has created color out of colors. Colors are to color what words are to language. As we all know the deep harmonies of darks can be made to be color just as much as the cheeriest combinations by Matisse or the finest flower picture by Glackens. And few artists of any period painted flowers more in the spirit in which the earth made them.

Glackens proved that he could compose beautifully in darker tones. Eventually, however, he came to find his happiness in more brilliant combinations. Many people prefer his earlier work, finding it more personal, but for me at least Glackens did not deeply realize himself until he mastered his final effulgent palette.

I have heard it said that the reason why some of our most intensive social-purpose painters paint dryly and acidly is because they want to direct the observer's attention to the dire story unmitigated by attractive craft. If that is true, then to such painters, logically and probably actually, the aims of a Glackens would seem frivolous in comparison with the aims of an Otto Dix. Glackens would be put down contemptuously as an artist who had not placed his talents at the service of social justice. To such an argument Glackens would undoubtedly chuckle and say: "Maybe they are right; I don't know." But he would continue painting in his own way completely unmoved. He once said to me that he could not think of a great painting that was great for any other reason than that it was a great painting.

And in all these pictures there is not one declarative note. But then Glackens was not declarative either with words or with paint. Ideas came out—clear, whimsical, suggestive. He made no attempt to beat an idea into another person's head not caring very much whether it entered his head or not. He had his own ideas. You could have yours. Yet his unruffled willingness to allow the other fellow his own point of view did not diminish the conviction that he conveyed of complete confidence in himself—an unassertive confidence founded on his serenity, his dignity, his seraphic outlook.

These pictures are the strongest argument, if that were needed, that a sensitive person can win a lifetime of delight from the pleasures of painting and drawing. Glackens drew lightly, wittily, personally and playfully, yet so sweet was general illustration when he worked for *McClure's* that many complaints were received from subscribers that his drawings were too realistic, not pretty enough. Had he never used color he could still have left a record rare and original. As the case rests his drawings were a distinct influence in the history of American illustration.

Both as a social human being and as an artist the emphatic seemed to him slightly uncivilized. Unlike his colleagues from Philadelphia, Robert Henri and George Luks, he had no desire to hear himself talk. The oracular, the pontifical, the dogmatic, the oratorical—none of these entered the world in which Glackens carried on his happy and fundamentally solitary life. In evidence of his aloofness and remoteness is the story of the newly discovered paintings. As already said, a group more familiar with Glackens' work and more sympathetic could not have been organized to plan his memorial exhibition. Yet even the members of this group did not know all of Glackens' work. When they explored his canvas racks they discovered pictures that his family had never seen before. The fact that with two painters in his family, his wife and daughter, there were completed canvases in the studio on the top floor of his home, which they had not seen, will surprise only those who did not know Glackens. Much more than most people he led an inner life. And thinking what was the matter



GLACKENS: HOLIDAY IN THE PARK. DRAWING. LENT BY A PRIVATE COLLECTOR IN NEW YORK TO THE MEMORIAL EXHIBITION

with a painting of his he would forget everything else. If in one of these moments of absorption he put a picture away without showing it to anyone, what more natural, especially for a man so unconcerned with praise, so deeply modest, so averse to being fussed over? He would show his work pleasantly if you asked to see it but it did not occur to him to ask anyone to look at his work. Other people could come and get pictures for exhibitions or elect him to societies if they wanted to, but if he himself cared a jot about fame it was not apparent in anything he said or did.

Every friend of Glackens knows that he lived completely above rows, gossip or art politics. The great enmities that followed the Armory Show when the Henri-Bellows cohorts assembled for battle (of words only) with the Davies-Kuhn cohorts may have made the rafters of the old Manhattan Hotel quiver. Glackens was merely amused and thought it silly for so many people to waste their time. He thought there were too many artist organizations, believing that if more painters enjoyed painting they would spend less time organizing. The only organization I ever heard him refer to with something like affection was the Independent Society. Of the others he said: "I belong to too many of them." If everyone could show his work without cliques, plots and counterplots, he would have been satisfied. Some artists thought the aloofness of Glackens was the result of his freedom from material needs. This theory discounts two facts. Publicity craving is a



GLACKENS: GIRL WITH DRAPERIES. OIL, ABOUT 1916. LENT BY MRS. GLACKENS TO THE WHITNEY MUSEUM

disease unaffected by the contents of the pocketbook. *Vide* Whistler, George Bellows, George Luks, and a hundred artists today, who would rush to join any organization if they smelt a little publicity from afar. The truth is that Glackens actively disliked attention. He liked companionship, wit, gaiety, good food, good wine, charming interiors, cultivated gardens as much as he disliked the center of the stage. No one could make

him play the lion. I have seen people try. The effort silenced Glackens and he retired to his own world.

As for the *chère maître* nonsense that many artists indulge in openly or by implication, it was antipathetic to his whole nature. I met him once in the studio of a younger, much less known painter. After looking at one particular picture intently Glackens turned to the artist and said simply: "I wish



GLACKENS: PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG GIRL. OIL, ABOUT 1918. LENT BY MRS. GLACKENS TO THE WHITNEY MUSEUM

could do that." This is not the kind of thing that the artist who has arrived by pushing says or for that matter thinks. Painters less absorbed in painting than Glackens qualify their praise of younger men with that slight condescension which they feel that their own eminence demands. Of that inferiority Glackens could not be guilty.

In the understanding and deeply felt preface to the excel-

lent catalog, Guy Pène du Bois, who appreciates Glackens beyond any other critic, writes:

"... Like Corot he had two real passions, painting and fishing, and, as with that saintly Frenchman, it will always be a question which one was the recreation. The characters of the two are in almost complete accord. Both, for an example, had enough money so that selling pictures was not essential



GLACKENS: LENNA AND IMP
OIL, 1930. LENT TO THE WHITE
HOUSE MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART
BY MRS. GLACKENS

to their welfare. Both had enough faith in themselves, a thing apparently rare among financially independent painters, so that they did not need to be bolstered by the insidious flattery of sales. Both were kindly almost to a fault. If Corot carried that fault further than Glackens, as when he painted those trees 'for the little birds' at the importunity of dealers that was because his temptation, rather than his kindness, was greater. Glackens found good in the work of all painters with

some indignation against those who could not follow him. At the meeting held at the Academy, last year, for the election of new members, he took so long looking at examples of the candidates' work, hung on the walls, that the meeting was called to order before he had finished. Afterwards he told me that he had depleted his supply of 'yesses'—little circular tags marked yes or no used in the voting. 'If you look long enough at a work you'll always find something good in it'



GLACKENS: CENTRAL PARK, WINTER. OIL, ABOUT 1912. LENT BY THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

Being an honest man it had taken him, in this case, a very long time. But you can be sure that somewhere in these, for the most part, banal works he had ferreted out a moment of good painting, been sure that it was there.

"About his own work he was much more severe. Some pictures, like the latest one of his daughter Lenna, took him years to bring to a conclusion. In the rack adjoining his studio at No. 10 West 9th Street there were more than a hundred set aside for some future right moment when they could be finished. Some of these works, and more than a few were glorious, had never been seen by the family. He certainly did not call upon the opinion of others. He walked in solitude through this benighted world and searched for the good in it, making sure that it was good, as he had done that day with the Academy prospects. . . ."

Some artists have difficulty in forgetting themselves. They see their audience as they work and dedicate as they paint. For Glackens painting was blissful forgetfulness, I am sure. Not only did he forget himself in his own painting but before

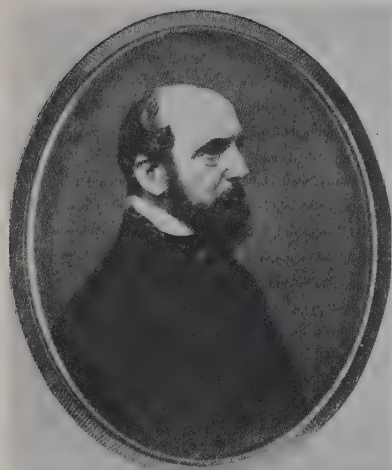
any painting that he liked his expression was one of contentment. That was true also when he took long walks and forgot himself in his enjoyment of observation. Granted his rare talent, it was perhaps his exceptional capacity to enjoy the world he saw with such happy and complete absorption that gives to his art its power to win our affections. He was not a painter before whom his admirers bow. He was one whom they love because he had serenity, gaiety, charm and the dignity of modesty.

. . .

AFTER THE GLACKENS exhibition closes at the Whitney Museum of American Art, the director of the museum, Mrs. Juliana Force, the curator of paintings, Hermon More, and Forbes Watson will select forty paintings and twenty drawings for an exhibition to be circuited under the auspices of The American Federation of Arts. The selection of this exhibition will be made with the primary idea of offering to the country an opportunity to enjoy the art of Glackens retrospectively as it progressed from youth to mature mastery.—ED.

HORATIO GREENOUGH: HERALD OF FUNCTIONALISM

BY NANCY WYNNE AND BEAUMONT NEWHALL



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Daguerreotype of Greenough

"OBSERVE A SHIP at sea! Mark the majestic form of her hull as she rushes through the water, observe the graceful bend of her body, the gentle transition from round to flat, the leap of her bows, the symmetry and rich tracery of her spars and rigging, and those grand wind-muscles, her sails. . . . What Academy of Design, what research of connoisseurship, what imitation of the Greeks produced this mar-

vel of construction? Here is the result of the study of man upon the great deep, where Nature spake of the laws of building, not in the feather and the flower, but in winds and waves, and he bent all his mind to hear and to obey. Could we carry into our civil architecture the responsibilities that weigh upon our shipbuilders, we should ere long have edifices as superior to the Parthenon for the purposes that we require, as the *Constitution* or the *Pennsylvania* is to the galley of the Argonauts."

This extraordinary passage appears in an article entitled *American Architecture*, written by Horatio Greenough in 1843.

Earlier in the same year, a huge marble statue of Washington was installed under the Rotunda of the National Capitol. Weak and neoclassic, it seemed the travesty of a lofty concept. The American public greeted it with howls of derision. On that statue Horatio Greenough had labored for nearly ten years.

Yet in a few months the same man evolved an esthetic so revolutionary that not until the last few years, through the efforts of such masters of modern architecture as Louis Sullivan, Frank Lloyd Wright, Adolf Loos, Walter Gropius and Le Corbusier, have its ideals been fully realized. In 1901 Sullivan stated the principle of modern architectural design: "Form follows function." The esthetic of the machine was not developed until about 1910. In 1919 Gropius started the Bauhaus, where young artists learned to design for machine production. In 1923 Le Corbusier popularized the slogan, "A house is a machine for living."

In 1845 Greenough wrote: "Instead of forcing the functions of every sort of building into one general form, adopting an outward shape for the sake of the eye or of association, without reference to the inner distribution, let us begin from the heart as a nucleus and work outward.

"If we compare the form of a newly invented machine with the perfected type of the same instrument, we observe, as we trace it through the phases of improvement, how weight is shaken off where strength is less needed, how functions are made to approach without impeding each other, how the straight becomes curved, and the curve is straightened, until the struggling and cumbersome machine becomes the compact and beautiful engine.

"The edifices in whose construction the principles of architecture are developed may be classed as organic, formed to meet the wants of their occupants, or monumental, addressed to the sympathies, the faith, or the taste of the people. . . . In the former class, the laws of structure and apportionment, depending on definite wants, obey a demonstrable rule. They may be called machines. . . ."

How did this academic and ineffectual sculptor become possessed of so penetrating and prophetic a vision? And why was it not reflected in his work?

Greenough belonged to the great race of New England intellectuals, and was regarded by his contemporaries as one of its most brilliant examples. His approach to art was literary because he never knew an alternative during the formative period of his youth. "I fear," he wrote later, "that the circumstances under which I began my career will ever prevent me from realizing my idea of what sculpture should be. . . . I lived with poets and poetry. . . . I gazed at the Apollo and the Venus [casts in the Boston Atheneum] and learned very little by it." With Stuart and Allston encouraging him, it is not surprising that he could not wait to graduate from Harvard before rushing off to Italy. There the revelation that sculpture was form, mass and volume in space came as a shock from which it took him years to recover. Absorbed in work and study he remained in Italy almost to the end of his life.

When, late in 1842, he returned to install his statue of the first president, he saw America with eyes sharpened by absence and a mind trained by intensive esthetic experience. He rebelled immediately, like any cultivated observer, against the jumbled styles and misuse of materials manifest in official Washington architecture. The storm of ridicule that raged about his statue constituted a challenge to his whole point of view and focussed his attention sharply on the problems of art in his unfamiliar native land.

The remarkable esthetic that resulted from this scrutiny was not a prophetic invention. It was a recognition.

In the America of the 1840s and '50s, the native tradition in building, evolved through two centuries by the pressure of time and the scarcity of labor, was already passing from architecture and the crafts into new fields, finding new forms for new necessities and new powers. The Shakers were at the

height of their skill. In the milltowns along the New England rivers stood the first mass housing in the world. A strange prophetic superstructure crowned the steamboats on the great rivers of the Midwest. In the ship yards, young men like George Steers and Donald McKay were working, and in New York the keel was being laid for a ship embodying the radical theories of John Griffeths. That ship was the *Rainbow*, first of the great clipper-ships that were to revolutionize shipping and shipbuilding all over the world.

In the serene simplicity of these stark new forms Greenough was startled to find echoes of the severe masses and volumes, the light and sensitive proportions, and the direct workmanship he worshipped in the ancient Greek. He discovered that one and all they were evolved by a single vital principle latent in the unconscious and inarticulate esthetic of the American mind.

This esthetic was in the air. It had long existed in the enthusiastic appreciation of American writers. Now, gropingly, it began to appear as a principle. In *The Dial* for July, 1843, Samuel Grey Ward outlined a theory far less original and conclusive than Greenough's. Echoes of Greenough's thoughts occur in Emerson's journals, inspired not only by *American Architecture* but by private letters from the sculptor. Thoreau, by way of reducing all living and all thought to a functional minimum, went to live in the woods. Carlyle's characteristic

comment in 1848 is reported by Emerson in *English Traits*: "In these days, he thought, it would become an architect to consult only the grim necessity and say, 'I can build you a coffin for such dead people as you are, and for such dead purposes as you have, but you shall have no ornament.'" Ruskin found it necessary to crush one Mr. Garbett, whose *Treatise on Design*, 1850, not only attacked the *Stones of Venice* but upheld a heresy similar to Greenough's. In 1851 Paxton built the Crystal Palace. In 1852 an English engineer, Samuel Clegg, Jr., in his essay *Architecture of Machinery* declared that "the merit which a perfect engine possesses can require no superfluous decoration: the elements of construction are sufficient for beauty."

And Greenough? During these years he was back in Italy, working on another huge marble, *The Rescue*, trimming neo-classic forms to fit a theme for the American frontier. His intellect was powerful enough to point the way; his artistic talent was too slight to follow, in the face of the baffling problems and subtle readjustments solved at last by no less than a revolution in the fine arts.

In 1851 he left Italy for good, and came home to America to live. With the full force of an ardent personality he took up a dozen causes, among them functional art. He talked art with mechanics, frequented foundries and drew designs for iron beds, stoves and fences. He backed a projected fire-



COURTESY PEABODY MUSEUM, SALEM

Water color by an anonymous painter of the American clipper ship. "Donald McKay," built by Donald McKay and launched in January, 1855. She was a sister ship of the "Lightning," whose phenomenal run of 436 miles in twenty-four hours is the fastest ever made under sail alone, and of the "James Blaine," whose passage from Boston to Liverpool in twelve days and six hours is also unsurpassed



COURTESY NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Trotting wagons, 1868. Wrote Greenough: "...they are beautiful for they respect the beauty of a horse and do not uselessly task him"

proof hotel in New York. He began to enlist his friends in his cause. He came to quiet Concord, and his effect on Emerson is recorded in the *Journals* with almost embarrassingly

fulsome praise: "Horatio Greenough lately returned from Italy came here and spent the day—an extraordinary man, a man of virtue and of rare elevation of thought and carriage.



COURTESY MARINE MUSEUM, MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

Anonymous water color of the yacht "America," built in the tradition of American fishing schooners and pilot boats by George Steers. Sailing the Atlantic on her own bottom, she overwhelmingly beat the British yachts at Cowes in August, 1851, started the series of races for the "America's Cup," and revolutionized yacht design in England with her sharp lines and the flat, taut, well-cut canvas of her sails

... One thought of heroes, of Alfieri, of Michelangelo, of Leonardo da Vinci. . . . He makes many of my accustomed stars pale by his clear light. His magnanimity, his idea of a great man, his courage and cheer and self-reliance, and depth, and self-derived knowledge, charmed and invigorated me as none has who has gone by these many months. I told him I would fife in his regiment."

Pages of discussion follow. Greenough, it seems, feared the craving for luxurious variety, "would not allow so much as a supporter to a porch to be varied by a parabola instead of a straight line;" ". . . everything of beauty for beauty's sake is embellishment, non-functional embellishment, that is false, childless and moribund."

In 1852 Greenough published, under the pseudonym Horace Bender, *The Travels, Observations, and Experiences of a Yankee Stonecutter*, as a trial balloon to test the atmosphere for his theory. Reprinting his earlier essay, he expanded his esthetic into more concrete examples of American art:

"The men who have reduced locomotion to its simplest terms, in the trotting wagon and the yacht *America* are nearer to Athens at this moment than they who would bend the Greek temple to every use. . . . The slender harness and the tall gaunt wheels are not only effective, they are beautiful—for they respect the beauty of a horse and do not uselessly task him.

"The redundant must be pared down, the superfluous dropped, the necessary itself reduced to its simplest expression, and then we shall find, whatever the organization may be, that beauty was waiting for us, though perhaps veiled, until our task was finally accomplished."

Deploping sham Greek and sham Gothic he wrote, "these feats . . . have made the sober and the true enamored of the

old, bald, neutral-toned Yankee farmhouse, which seems to belong to the ground on which it stands, as the caterpillar to the leaf that feeds him."

"Far be it from me to pretend that the style pointed out by our mechanics is what is sometimes miscalled an economical, a cheap style. No! It is the dearest of all the styles! It costs the thought of men, much, very much thought, untiring investigation, ceaseless experiment. Its simplicity is that of justness, I had almost said, of justice.

". . . the mechanics of the United States have already outstripped the artists, and have, by their bold and unflinching adaptation, entered the true track and hold up the light for all who operate for American wants, be they what they will.

"By beauty I mean the promise of function.

"By action I mean the presence of function.

"By character I mean the record of function."

The energy and intellectual excitement Greenough poured into his great projects drained his system. While preparing a series of lectures, two of which he had already delivered in Boston, he suddenly died of brain fever, the first of December, 1852.

Emerson wrote in his journal: "I do not think of any American in the century who would make so good a subject for a lecture as Greenough. But Oh to hear again his own eloquent and abounding discourse!—but he passed suddenly away like the brightest of mornings. I account that man one product of the American soil (born in Boston) as one of the best proofs of the capability of this country."

To Carlyle he wrote: "Our few fine persons are apt to die. Horatio Greenough, a sculptor, but whose tongue was far cunninger to talk than his chisel to carve, and who inspired great hopes, died two months ago at forty-seven years."



PHOTO BY BEAUMONT NEWHALL

House near West Baldwin, Maine. The honesty of an "old, bald, neutral-toned Yankee farmhouse" was a quality Greenough admired

A PAINTER SPEAKS

BY HAROLD WESTON

THE WALLS of the house I live in are made of rough hemlock boards; the framework, of native spruce. Studding and rafters show the line of the roof. There are no large, plain, harsh surfaces. The windows have rather small panes of glass and on the floors are rugs brought back from Persia. The outside of the house is made of slabs, boards cut from spruce logs with the bark left on, which form overlapping projections on the corners. I do not particularly like the fact that this simulates real log construction without being it. I do like its structural ruggedness, simplicity and color both inside and out, here on the edge of the forest. It is a sympathetic place in which to work.

I really prefer isolation and have few regrets for the group and social contacts it prevents. I enjoy being with unaffected people, but most of all I want to be alone with paint. My basic feeling about painting has been that it is an end in itself, needs no ulterior purposes to justify giving one's utmost to it. Then I also happen to care about climbing mountains, working in my vegetable garden, wearing old clothes, walking in the woods on snow shoes, building my own home and sharing in the intimacies of family life. I have most wanted to express through painting, in so far as there has been a conscious motive, what I feel in relation to what I know best, am a part of and feel most vitally. It is an attempt to get into paint whatever I may feel at the time significant about existence, not visual reality: a transcription through color and form of experience that is related to, not copied from, the person, the landscape or the objects. Naturally, being alone with a woman, a mountain, a cat or a cabbage comes first. The realization of that experience in paint may come many months after.

What goes on behind the shut doors of the studio is nobody's business and yet becomes everybody's. Perhaps the artist should not be asked to explain. The painter shows himself up on canvas, even his most intimate self. He does that without affectation: he can't help it. Theories and explanations about painting are for me usually unsatisfactory. The important or final things can only be experienced from the work itself.

An idea or emotion, whether realistic or abstract, takes hold of you from some inner impulse and you try to put it down. Whatever the premise of the idea or of the technique, it is only the starting point to somewhere beyond the person who is using it. If you stop to watch yourself performing, you won't get beyond your mirrored self. Painting is like going to bed with an idea, an experience or an impression which means something to you. Unless the essence of you is involved, the result will be another more or less effective hand-painted picture ready for exhibition. I do not mean mere originality. Add to sincerity that attunement of purpose and method—an esthetic rightness—and you may produce something worth

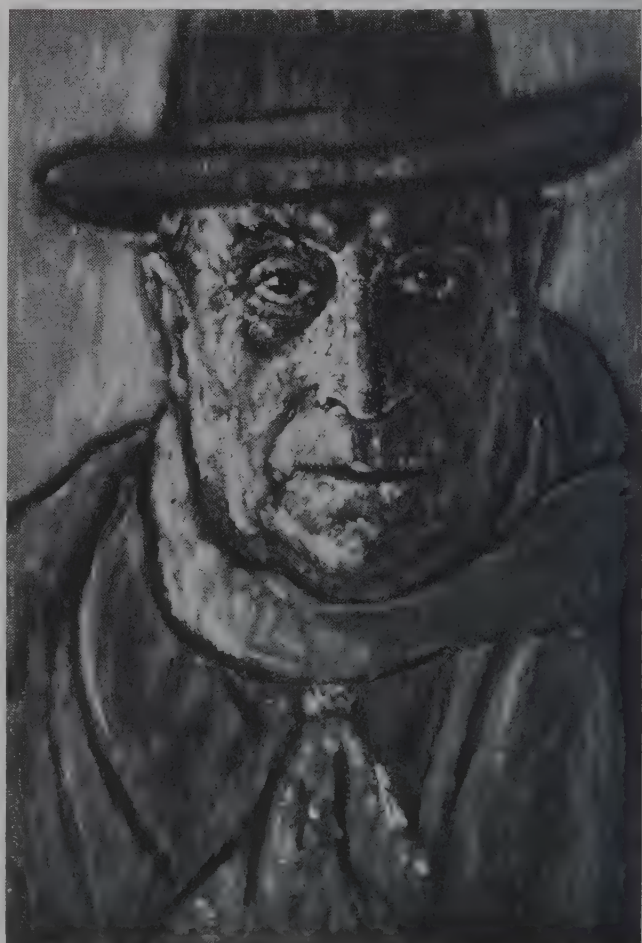
looking at. If it happens to have a significance bigger than yourself, it may be of some importance to others.

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I WAS BORN at Merion, Pennsylvania, in 1894, of early American stock that came from England and Scotland. My father was an advanced liberal for his day. He was the founder and leader of the Ethical Society in Philadelphia. My mother has distinct musical gifts which I inherit only to the extent of appreciation and unskilled improvising.

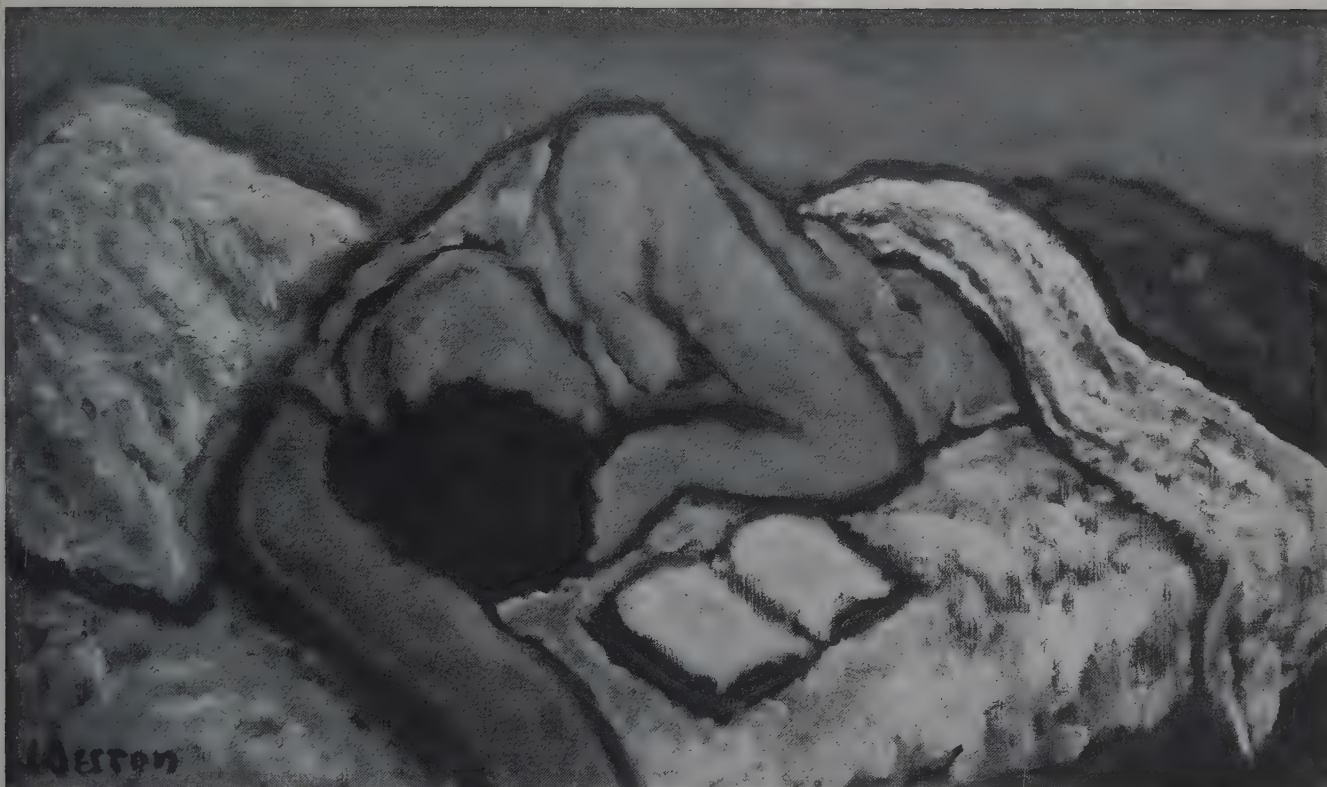
When quite young I started painting, through my interest in birds. My painting career began, I suppose, when I was about eleven years old and received a pair of skates as first prize at a children's exhibition at Wanamaker's. Trivial and yet at the time how influential! I soon wanted to spend my Saturdays at a drawing and modeling class.

At the age of fifteen I was taken to Europe for a year and my diary was filled with sketches. Picturesque bits of Switzerland, Germany and Italy were the subjects of my first painting landscapes in water color. By then I was quite sure I



COURTESY BOYER GALLERIES

Harold Weston: *The Sculptor Manolo*. Oil



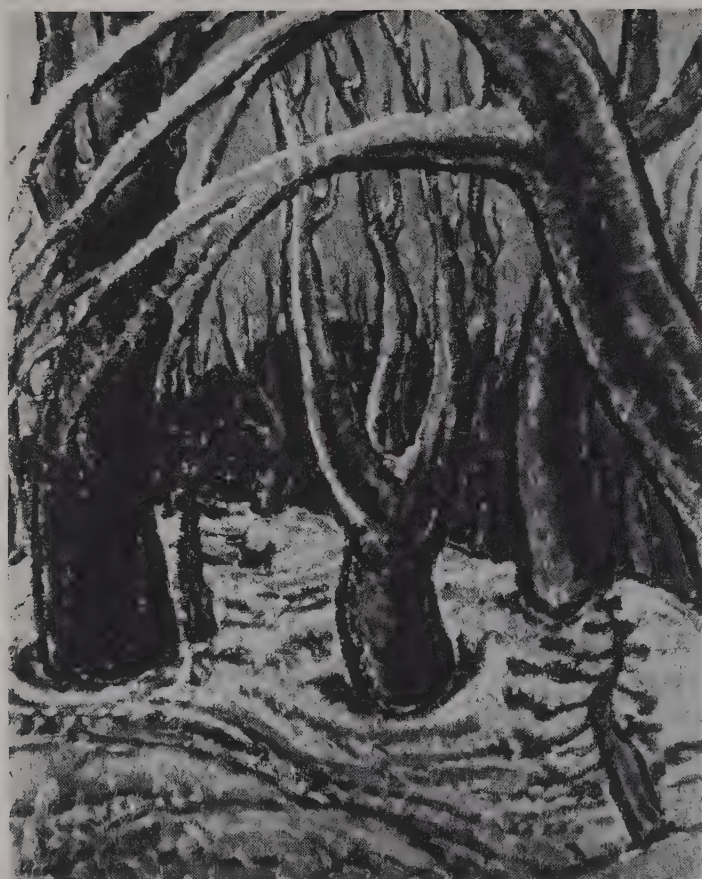
COLLECTION PHILLIPS MEMORIAL GALLERY

Harold Weston: Loneliness. Oil



COURTESY BOYER GALLERIES

Harold Weston: Two Cats. Oil (1927-31)



Harold Weston: *Beech Trees, Winter*. Oil

COURTESY BOYER GALLERIES

wanted to become a painter. I was fortunate in having the chance to see many of the great paintings of the past before I had been told how to look at them or their supposed relative importance. Museums were almost as thrilling as the Alps.

Tennis and track absorbed a lot of my energy, and my ambition as a promising athlete at Exeter, when I was seventeen, was abruptly ended by infantile paralysis. Painting, I soon found, could be done from a wheeled chair and mountains could be climbed even on crutches.

My parents thought it more important for me to go to college than art school. I agreed to Harvard for two years and stayed four. Denman Ross opened my eyes to Oriental art and his theories of painting and design were offset by drawing for the *Lampoon*, designing scenery and costumes for college plays and summers of painting in the Adirondacks. A month with Hamilton Easter Field in 1914 gave me my first contact with modern art. Although I did not see the famous Armory Show, I became so convinced about the new approach that, amusingly enough, half of my oral exam. for honors was taken up with an attempt to persuade the professors of the Department of Fine Arts as to the validity of modern painting.

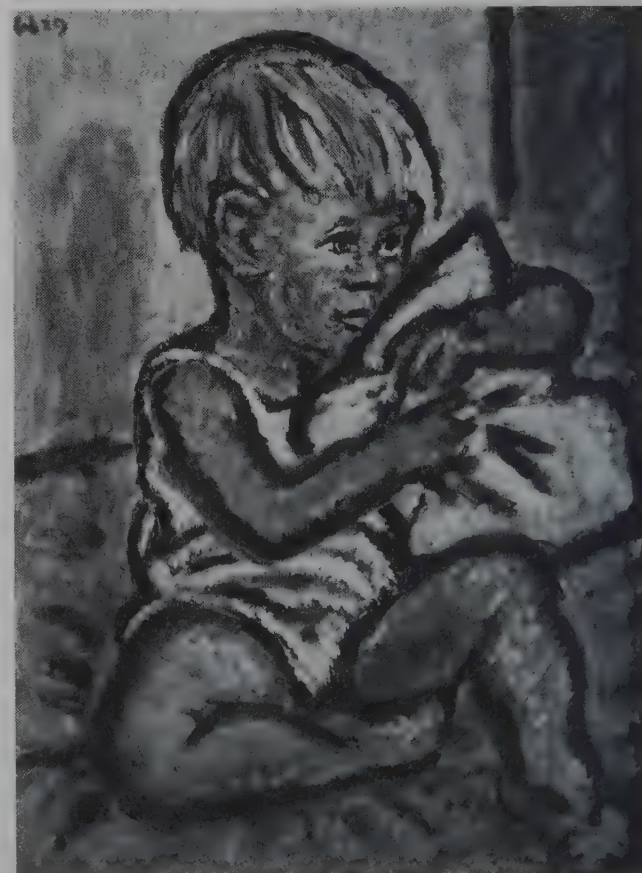
After graduation in 1916, the producer, Richard Ordynsky, asked me to join him in a career of stage designing. I was much more eager to go ahead with painting. I felt strongly, however, that it was more important to find out what you wanted to say than how to say it. It was a time when something spiritual was supposed to result from the tragedies of the war. So I offered to go with the Y. M. C. A. to work with the German prisoners of war in Siberia where I heard the

suffering was greatest. I was sent to India and Mesopotamia.

My two years in Baghdad and on the desert left little time for painting and were in any spiritual way rather disillusioning. The summers (sometimes one hundred and twenty-eight degrees in the shade) were "too hot to fight." I founded the Baghdad Art Club, got painting materials sent out for any soldiers interested, ran sketch classes, talks, exhibitions, etc. Our studio was a broken-down portion of the harem of the huge Arab house that the "Y" used as headquarters. In 1918 I was appointed an "official" painter and sent for a month with a relief force to Persia to do sketches for the London War office. What I painted was not of much use for their purposes, being landscapes having nothing to do with the war or the temporary occupation of Persia. The next summer I made a three months caravan trip through central Persia and did some more painting. Both the patterned landscape and the art of Persia stressed for me at a formative period the emphasis on color, design, use of outline, broken areas—a certain stylization of approach. That experience and the trip back to America by way of China and Japan left a lasting impression on my way of seeing things.

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AFTER NEARLY THREE and a half years away from America, I tried, in 1920, to sample art school training while living in a settlement in downtown New York. I was much too restless. To learn how to paint from objects or models which meant nothing to me seemed too external a process. I wanted to get down to what I thought were fundamentals alone with paint. So I built a small studio in the Adirondacks where I had spent



Harold Weston: *Pillow Fight*. Oil

COURTESY BOYER GALLERIES

the summers so often. There I felt I belonged. There I felt that if I lived alone with the woods and the mountains the technique of how to paint would work out. A semi-pantheism, sentimental though genuine, permeated my thinking: the tree, cloud, mountain, life and the eternal seen through the incandescence of the moment. I was as profligate with paint and canvas as I was frugal in living—spoon, frying pan, coffee pot and kettle, big box-stove, axe for wood, warm clothes and snow shoes, daily milk from a farmhouse and monthly supplies from the village three miles away. These and my paints were the essentials.

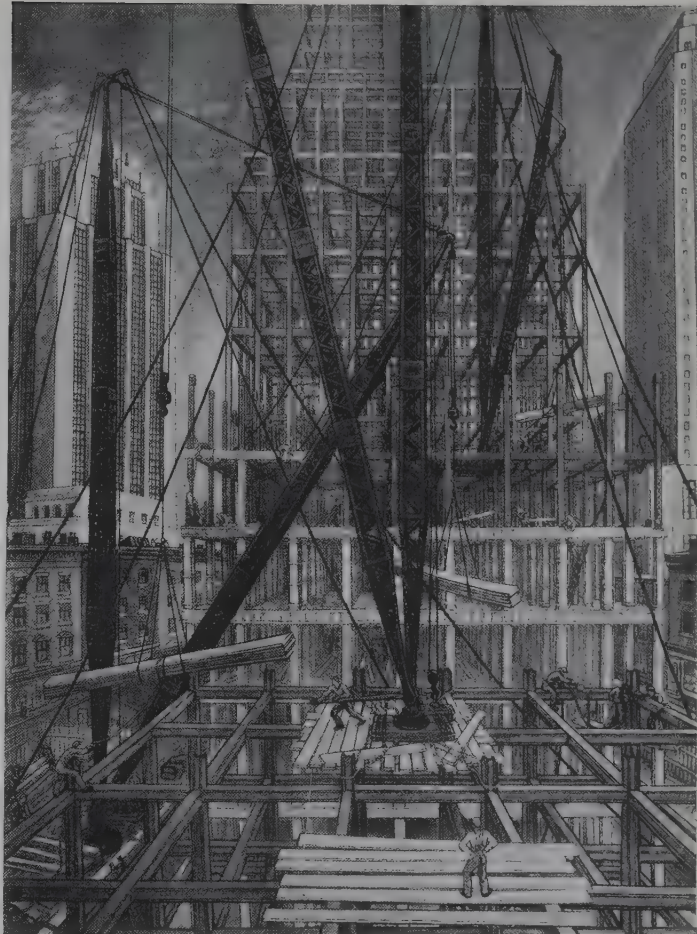
During the three years alone I did a lot of reading: Americans of the Golden Day, French and particularly Russian novelists. The paintings of this period were exuberant and stylized. I painted hundreds of little oil sketches out on the mountains, but the larger oils were not done from nature direct. Even in a still-life I was trying to paint what I felt rather than what I saw. If I felt the mood of a certain landscape was akin to the music of some composer, I would play my Victor records of it over and over while I painted. I titled some of my paintings that way. Montross gave me my first one-man show in New York in 1922.

I am sorry now that I did not wait another year or so before exhibiting anything. The success of the exhibition made me self-conscious about the stylization and the attitude: youth running to the mountain top, beating his chest and declaiming "I have seen God!" I had no desire to produce work for an established market. Furthermore, marriage at this time brought the nude into my life and pantheism disappeared.

It is difficult to describe the joy of living and painting with this new impetus—the excitement of getting it down, direct and spontaneous, obliteration of all else, no time to stop and perfect, no time to theprize, no time to think of food until exhausted. The first winter I made innumerable drawings of the figure on big sheets of wrapping paper. They were not finished drawings and have no particular merit. Their purpose was to simplify form to essentials of mass and movement. Later I worked in oils. I had no hesitation in using any method that seemed expressive. Calligraphy of heavy paint and outline seemed necessary to convey mobility of figure with strength of form, seemed to free color for emotional power.

"If you ran your hand over one of Weston's nudes," an artist said of these paintings, "it would get filled with splinters or broken bits of glass." By breaking up areas into vibrant color elements I was trying to express a living quality rather than the externals of form. The tactile quality of the surface of a painting was ignored as long as it had unity, kept to the wall, an area beyond which the mind not the eye could go. Textures I have wanted where that aspect seemed important. I have always preferred a flat or unreflecting surface on my oils and this eliminates glazes. I like working on a somewhat absorbent ground for either oils or water colors. Much of the work of this period was experimental—expressively and technically—but was very important in my development.

When showing a few of these nudes to Stieglitz, John Marin came in by chance and astonished me by saying: "I feel the woods and the mountains in these nudes—synthetic American landscapes—a direct primitive quality—purely American



COURTESY SECTION OF FINE ARTS

Harold Weston: Steel Construction. Mural panel installed in the lobby of the Procurement Division, Treasury Department, Washington

stuff—who did them?" Perhaps I was unconsciously still painting the Adirondacks.

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AN ILLNESS INTERRUPTED my work for many months, so we decided to go to Europe, in 1926. After traveling a while, we settled in a remote part of the French Pyrenees and spent about a year off and on in Paris. We lived abroad over four years, partly because it cost so little: eight dollars a month for our farmhouse; my wife cooked on the hearth and I cut the wood. The important factor was that it was a primitive, timeless sort of existence during America's prosperity, free from the impatient tempo of American life. It let my work mature uninfluenced by any urge for success or reaction to critical comment. My form and color became tempered by the Pyrenees—the massive stone walls of our house, the stark life of the peasants about us. How much, I only realized after we returned to America.

Every medium has its special adaptabilities which may develop new methods of technique throughout an artist's work. I began using gouache, a new medium for me, on toned pastel paper, the tone of the paper, selected each time in relation to the mood and the subject, was used actively in the composition as a unifying repetition of color. I experimented preparing a ground tone (thoroughly dried) on canvas for oils as a kind of warp for the color design, letting fine edges of ground tone separate color areas or forms. Many of my paintings since then, including my mural, have been painted that



Harold Weston: *Burnt Region*. Oil

COURTESY BOYER GALLERIES

way. I think it can be used to give a greater richness and clarity to color, greater sense of depth without any real illusion of space—which destroys the wall-surface quality.

Working almost always in a small room or studio with experiences close to my life has contributed to some characteristic tendencies. An immediacy of perspective, an enlarging of the scale of those elements which focussed my attention, so that what existed did not stop at the edge of the canvas, resulted in canvases with subjects that seem too large for them, in canvases that seem too small in large exhibitions. But the subject was all around like the room in which one sits seeing only part of it; although the design of a painting should not lead the eye out of the frame, the painter may give you an awareness of existence of which his painting is but a fragment.

The giddy French wall paper and marble-topped furniture of a Paris apartment turned me for a time to etching and lithography. Somehow the urge to express things in color has never left me time enough to resume it since. The etchings were small and personal, unconventional in technique.

Since 1930 I have been in America living in the Adirondacks or, at intervals, in New York City. My work became higher keyed in color, more staccato in rhythm and more complex in composition. There was more emphasis on the decorative and

less on the emotional. Workmanship became more thorough.

The process sometimes followed in my oils is: draw the design roughly in charcoal, paint in some of the outline in light key (to be obliterated or strengthened later), remove all charcoal, then begin painting the most important areas, but keep the whole canvas moving. Don't finish one part before the rest is well established. Don't follow any fixed rules or set ideas, adjust color and form emphasis by what the mood and the subject dictate as the whole canvas begins to take on a character of its own. This method of working out the problem on the canvas as you paint is open to more faults than less direct methods, but may give more living results. There is always tomorrow to scrape down and revise or discard.

Make as many advance studies—in any medium—as you want. Get to know what you feel are the essentials of what you are going to paint before you begin and then don't be distracted to incidentals by having whatever it is before you when you paint. For example—John Dos Passos and I have been friends for many years. I wanted to paint him. He happened to be too nervous to sit and “just be looked at” for long. He used to come frequently to my studio and I would make a few notes while we talked. After he left I painted. When his wife saw it, she said: “That's more like Dos than Dos is.”



COURTESY BOYER GALLERIES

Harold Weston: Lamplight. Oil

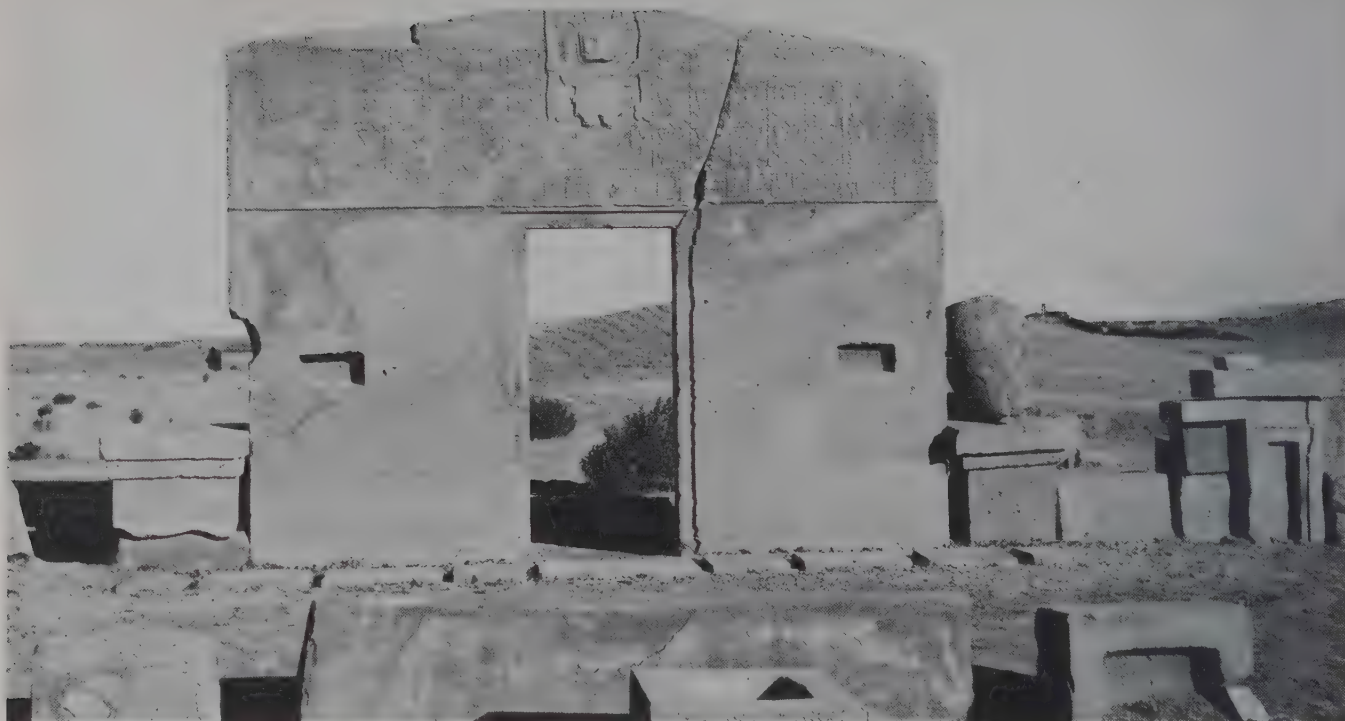
This procedure that I apply to paintings seemed to me particularly well adapted to murals, where I feel the architecture and function of the building should be taken into consideration, for in them satisfactory solution depends so much on the adjustment of complex relationships. My desire to paint murals dates from 1933 before America became mural conscious. I was interested in painting factories and work-shops. My experiences with them were too external for me to feel them other than as functional mechanisms for their movement, rhythm, color and pattern. This subject matter was suited to the Customs House in Philadelphia. As a result of entering that competition, the Treasury Relief Art Project offered me a series of murals to paint for the lobby of the Procurement Division Building in Washington.

The range of themes appropriate to that building was so much in line with what I was interested in painting and so varied that it kept my enthusiasm at high pitch for the two and a half years it took to paint the twenty-two panels. It included contemporary construction, engineering, architecture, workers, things and machines daily used—a cross section of America, seen objectively in form but decoratively in color, selected and used as impersonal elements of design.

It seemed to me that my mural, in which any emotional ap-

proach would be out of place, would only become more than a suitable decoration if I got to know the essential processes of construction, character of things, gestures of workers and then let emphasis, exaggeration or scale be dictated by what was needed to build up the design. I felt I had to know the fundamentals of what I was trying to paint. Technicians explained machines, tools and procedure. The local carpenter, with whom I have worked building my home at St. Huberts, looked at the construction panels and said: "Well, if Harold hadn't worked with us, he never could have painted those pictures." An artist wrote me: "My first impression was of Coptic tapestries with the intricate weaving and interweaving of color and design."

There are traits of personality that run through any artist's work and that develop, shift emphasis or point of view if his art is alive—with each period of his life. My murals were a marvelous opportunity for expansion of scale and scope of the technique and the method of approach I had evolved in my paintings. I have no desire to go on with murals for the moment. I am too keen to get back to my easel. The autumn has been spent out on the mountains. Now the ground is white with snow again and I am working. The doors of the studio are shut.



ALL PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

Main archway to the Tiahuanaco temple. The central image above the door is the Sun-God; below each eye is an eagle-shaped tear-drop

NOTES ON INCA AND PRE-INCA RUINS IN BOLIVIA & PERU

BY SERGE A. KORFF



Monolithic figure in red sandstone at Tiahuanaco

ON THE HIGH plains of Bolivia stand a few colossal stones, mute remnants of a great Pre-Inca civilization. Huge monoliths, weighing many tons, were transported, carved and set into place in palace and temple walls. Religious symbols were made in intricacy and profusion, rites and traditions grew up. Agriculture prospered, and the foundations for a civilization were laid. While the dark ages hung over Europe, the Indians at Tiahuanaco extended their influence over neighboring tribes and built an empire. Yet before the first Inca appeared, their civilization had gone into eclipse. Today scattered Indians with small flocks of llamas dwell in mud huts near the magnificent stones of earlier times. What happened to these peoples? What caused their influence to decline and their great temples to be abandoned? Why did they lose their useful knowledge of building and stone-carving?

...

OUT OF LAKE Titicaca appeared the Incas, who led their people through the fertile valleys northward, founded their capital at Cuzco, and built an empire. In many respects their advent brought a renaissance to the vanished glories of Tiahuanaco. The sun-god once more ruled over wide spread lands. Once again fine stone



Fortress of Sacsahuaman, east ramparts, showing three levels of saw-tooth construction. The huge blocks were beautifully fitted

work flourished; gold and silver ornaments, and copper utensils were fashioned. During five centuries the empire gradually extended over what are now the countries of the central Andes. Sacsahuaman, the great fortress commanding Cuzco, was a marvel of planning and construction. Without mortar, huge granite blocks were accurately cut and fitted in a design upon which modern strategists could hardly improve. These massive walls in saw-tooth pattern made a formidable barrier. At every point an invader had to face fire from two directions. At the citadel's summit a circular reservoir distributed water throughout the fortress by means of an intricate system of

carved stone canal "piping." Because it was virtually impregnable, the Spanish conquerors had to resort to treachery for its capture. Later, finding it too difficult to destroy, Pizarro's men forced the subject Indians to cover with earth this symbol of their past glory.

What caused the degeneration of the empire? What bred the lack of fight, that enabled a handful of unscrupulous adventurers to reduce literally millions to slavery? Had the people become too peace-loving to resist an armed invader? Why did this large and self-sufficient nation yield so easily to the few energetic carriers of a new "ism"?



At the high point at Sacsahuaman was the reservoir shown here together with part of the well engineered water distributing system

UPON A KNIFE-EDGE mountain promontory, a sheer two thousand feet above the horseshoe curve of a torrent thundering about its base, stands Macchu-Picchu. Beyond and above are the jagged peaks of the Andes, reaching high into the eternal snows. Thousands of people once lived here, with terraces for agriculture, elaborate water systems and astronomically accurate sun-dial altars cut from living rock. So well hidden was this citadel that for over five hundred years its very existence was but a legend. Not until 1910 was it finally uncovered and explored. This temple city was never found by the Spanish conquerors; yet it had been suddenly abandoned before their day. The occupants had fled, leaving many belongings, but

taking their golden idols with them. No traces of bodies were found that would indicate sudden plagues or conquests.

Why was Macchu-Picchu ever built in the first place? Was it intended as a place of worship, or a retreat for the rulers of the empire? How were the large stones transported? What tools were used to cut the rock? The Incas never knew iron, and copper, silver and gold are soft. And finally, why was it abandoned? The reasons must have been desperate and important, yet there is no apparent clue to the mystery. The civilizations of South America present many such unsolved problems. Fascinating and baffling, these monuments of vanished peoples tempt the explorer and the scientist.

A corner of the temple at Macchu-Picchu, an Inca stronghold. The temple was built on living rock. Note the stones cut with the precision of cabinet work, the earlier rubble construction beyond and the remains of terraces on the steep mountainside





*Sundial on the parapet above
the river gorge, Macchu-Picchu*



*Interior of the temple
court at Macchu-Picchu.
Note the niches in the
wall from which the gol-
den idols were removed*



Anita Weschler: *Martial Music No. 6: Shrapnel, Starvation, Bacteria and Gas*. Artificial Stone, 1937

A SCULPTOR'S SUMMARY

BY ANITA WESCHLER

SCULPTURE FOR ME is closely bound up with my enthusiasms, aversions, moods, successes, disappointments. It is essential to cut away the irrelevant, to avoid distraction, to cope with the complexities of the modern world. I want my work to be a fusion of emotion and intellect, of abstraction and realism.

I am not one who believes that you can carry on a conversation while executing a statue. I believe that you must be remote, apart; contained within yourself. Each sculpture is a bridge between the last sculpture and the next sculpture. It is like focusing the sun's rays to a point in a magnifying glass in order to start a fire. I try to remember the dicta, "every move makes" and "don't take two strokes where one will do." All the thinking is done before you start. Work with concentration from intuition and feeling. When concentration ceases, stop. Carry the statue to the full of one's ability at the time, then leave it. The deficiency which one feels in any final result must be taken in one's stride. Each period of time is an overgrowing from what has gone before, a layer of growth like the rings of a tree. One works toward the goal of complete realization but never tries to force it. Forced style becomes stylization, forced content, affectation. Whatever the result, what

goes into it must be genuine. You must be excited; you must feel the form, the subject, the idea and the material. It is only in this way that fusion of the elements can be achieved.

As I see it the chief objective of a sculptor is to create three-dimensional unities which emphasize and accentuate that spatial and tangible quality whose existence is bound up in a feeling of weight, firmness, permanence as opposed to buoyancy, softness and the transient. Thus, if one wishes to portray an expression, as a smile, a frown, a grimace, it must be so constructed as to seem permanent but not set, spontaneous and enduring. It should try to achieve the essence of a smile. It should go beyond a mere smiling head and constitute the type of that smile.

It is my aim to create in sculpture works of formal and human significance through traditional and experimental means. The components are form and substance. Each is determined by the other and is dependent on the other. If form, per se, is all that is required we need not make statues at all; a vase will do as well. A statue should be handsome—as a vase is—but that is merely one of its requirements. By form is meant shaping, construction, composition: the work as a solid three-dimensional object with all its spatial qualities. By substance is meant the spirit of the work: the work as mood, as idea (other than a spatial idea), as emotion (other than the

purely esthetic emotion of formal relationships). The finer an art is the closer it approaches that point where fusion of mind and matter are complete and perfect. Each is simplified and each realized through the other.

Subject has been confused with substance but this is an error. Although two men may execute the same subject the substance of each will be different. That will be based upon the sculptor's inner experience and conception. Subject has to do with externals, substance with essences. A title may assist the spectator in grasping the subject, or point of departure; or it may be merely a label of identification.

There are those who say that the figure is in the stone. It is as though one had only to shake the stone and the figure would emerge. It is like saying that a writer will find his book in a ream of white paper. An infinity of figures are in the medium. Which will you select?

Of course the basis of all art and living is in selection, or to put it conversely, elimination. My portraits and figure studies adhering to natural form differ from it in heightened characterization through exaggeration and simplification. In the groups this procedure is carried beyond natural form. My

thought in executing groups is to suppress all detail, all extraneous material, to reduce the forms to their lowest terms. The eye can grasp only so much at a time and the impact is greater if the essentials are not disturbed by dissenting shapes, if the planes are clean-cut and their edges clearly defined.

The eye must be directed through the form to see the whole as a unit, as the sum of all the parts. Since conception follows perception the concept of the artist is not conveyed vigorously to the spectator except in this way. Through simple repeats and direct impressions, purely sculptural means, the aim is to direct the flow of one mass into another, to break up the entire shape into related shapes. This is helped by the use of a more or less vertical single forward plane from which the other planes recede into the mass: the use of the kinesthetic idea. As well, I have tried to pack the big shape, to fill it full so that all of it contributes to the whole to bring alive the ideological theme—the dramatic subject chosen for portrayal.

This presupposes, on the part of the observer, some familiarity with the use of abstraction in art—although I do not consider my work abstract but simply an application of those principles to heighten an impression of reality. It is my hope



Anita Weschler:
*Martial Music No. 1:
Turmoil. Artificial Stone*

to carry these principles further toward natural form without losing this approach to the material.

It is important to have as a central idea a subject and form from which the substance will be born, whose significance is undisputed in the artist's mind. While working there must be no doubts as to the value of the theme or the ability to carry it out. If these existed they would sign themselves into the work and the results would be half-hearted, lacking in vitality.

Such are some of my beliefs and theories about the sculptor's working problems. There are other problems to touch upon. What is the artist's place in society? Does he give it courage, a new way of seeing, a new comprehension, a new kind of life? I should like to believe that art is for the many, and when education has progressed sufficiently it may be. The trend is in that direction.

What is the artist's place in regard to himself? I believe his place is in the studio; his concern is with his work. He, him-

self, is not a reformer, an educator, a leader, a statesman. Except through his creative achievements these are digressions. They may gain for him a sense of being "of our time," publicity, popularity, even commissions; but they will never gain for him true accomplishment in his medium unless his energies are those of Leonardo or Rubens. I cite such examples as van Gogh, Cézanne, Rousseau who found the world well lost.

I wonder if a business man ever considers what he would do if he were in the position of most artists, even those of notable repute. He himself would be largely his own executive, research man, designer, mechanic, workman, secretary, bookkeeper, shipping clerk and salesman. He would have no steady or certain market. If he devoted his time to production, as he should, he would have no office force and no market at all. If he devoted his time to selling he would have no goods. His goods would not be bought by wholesalers but would be received on consignment only. His best samples would generally be out on consignment and absent from his display room if a customer should call. The business man has the advantage of the constant demands of associates and the market to keep pushing him forward at any cost. The drive of the artist comes almost entirely from within.

We do not step on the stage to take a bow and applause as a playwright and composer may, nor do we receive fan mail as a film or radio star does. Except for the press and the comment of people we meet, the audience is unknown to us. The opinions we hear are highly specialized. I believe our only relation to the audience is through what we are able to say to them in our work. Just how many people we reach, how much we really get across and what the reaction is we can guess but we can never know.

What should be the course of the student? Shall he study form as it exists or as he would have it? LeCorbusier has said that "style is the unity of principle animating all the work of an epoch, the result of a state of mind which has its own special character." The same definition applies to style in an individual. To me it seemed essential to be thoroughly grounded in technique and natural form while not losing sight of that further goal of a distinctly personal approach to one's work.

With these things in mind I worked for five years at alternate intervals with Albert Laessle at the country school of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, with William Zorach at the Art Students League of New York and in my own studio. With Laessle it was structure that counted. We worked on animals, figures, portraits and composition. He said:

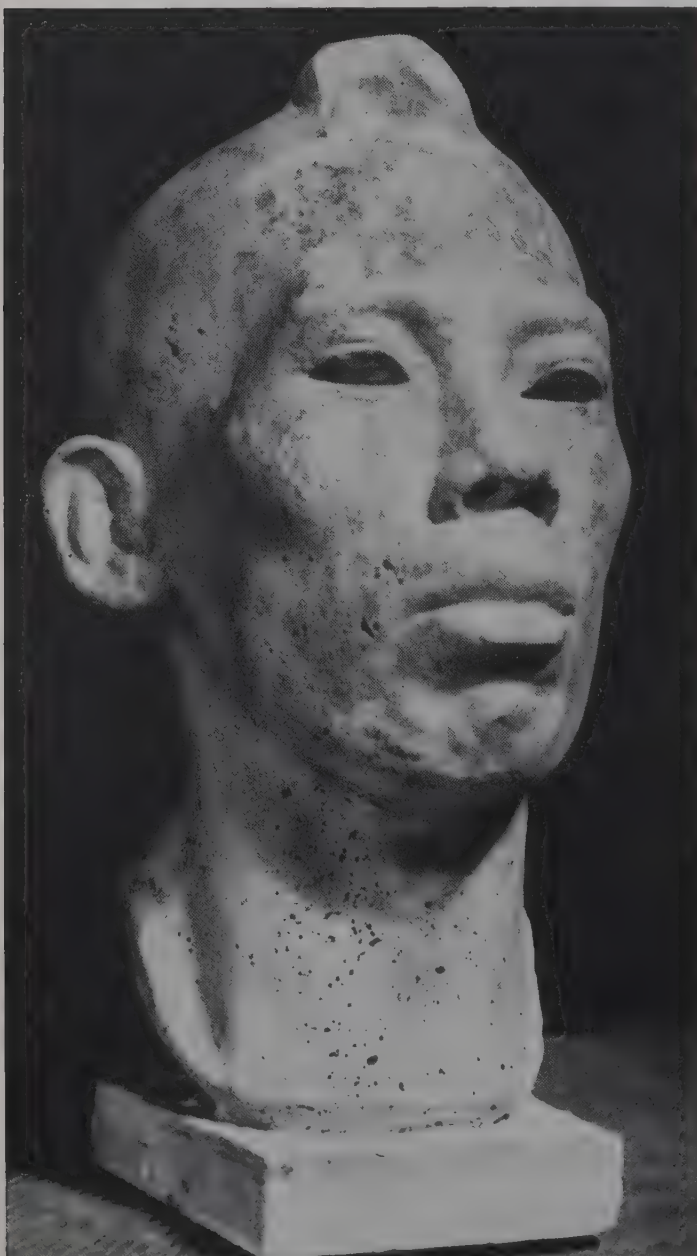
"The construction is built like a match box. It is just as simple. It merely has more sides."

With Zorach it was what was inside our minds that was important. "You must have an idea."

I visited both painting and sculpture exhibitions regularly and keenly enjoyed the sculpture of Despiau, Barlach and pre-conquest Mexico. I was interested in Brancusi but not excited by him. Maillol generally seemed inadequate. Epstein depended on good lighting and rarely received it.

Doris Humphrey thinks my sculpture influenced by the dance. That may well be true since I have so often studied the growth of her compositions and Charles Weidman's in rehears-

Anita Weschler: Filipino House Servant





Anita Weschler:
August Night

al as well as in performance. Incidentally my recent head of her son is considered among my most successful portraits. Among other works which I might mention is a heroic mask of Voltaire which I did in connection with *Candide* at the Booth Theatre.

No place that I know of is better suited to the production of creative work than the MacDowell Colony where I spent four seasons. There, against the background of New Hampshire landscape, all distractions and irrelevant obligations are removed. Only the necessity remains to apply to the proper medium ordered emotions and abilities. Everyone is intent upon his work. The effect of discussing related problems in the various arts with colleagues, for whom you have deep respect, continually unfolds new horizons. I had the good fortune to have Padraic Colum, Frances Frost and James Houston Spencer as sitters.

On one occasion at the Colony I was discussing the news with Edward Arlington Robinson who said that he only read the "gizzards" of the newspaper. I asked if I might see the gizzards of his paper when he was through. Every Sunday evening thereafter I found the theatre-art section and the book review waiting on the mantelpiece.

In my search for a permanent medium for casts, other than bronze, I finally developed the process whereby I am able to do my own stone casting. Cast stone was used for my *Martial Music* series and for *Martial Law*. These were followed by carvings in wood and natural stone. At present I am making a relief for the Elkin, North Carolina, Post Office.

I neither expect nor want my statues approached intellectually. In the final analysis the sculptures must speak for themselves. Only the emotion that they are capable of conveying is important.



EDWARD WESTON: TOMATO RANCH, MONTEREY COAST, 1937

MY PHOTOGRAPHS OF CALIFORNIA

BY EDWARD WESTON

DURING MY first year as a Guggenheim Fellow, ending last April, I traveled twenty-three thousand miles through California and made over a thousand negatives. My project was "to photograph life," and I chose to carry it out in California—first, because it was a state I knew and loved, and second, because it contained enough varied material to keep one man busy for a lifetime.

My equipment was simple:

- 1 camera (8" x 10" Century Universal)
- 2 lenses (a triple convertible Turner Reich 12"21"28)
(19" element of a Zeiss Protar)
- 3 filters (K2, G, A)
- 1 lens shade (Wörsching Counter Light Cap)
- 1 tripod with tilting top (Paul Ries)
- 1 focussing cloth (black sateen covered with white to reflect heat of desert sun)
- 2 camera cases (painted white for the same reason)
- 12 film holders
- 1 insulated wooden box to hold exposed films

For accident insurance I carried a spare ground glass, tripod screw, tripod leg and wire release.

I took along a tarpaulin large enough to cover all car windows when folded double. This was used to convert the car into a darkroom at night for unloading exposed films and reloading holders with fresh ones.

Travel was divided into two or three week trips out from a base (I had one in Los Angeles and one in San Francisco) because it was unsafe to keep the exposed films longer than that before developing them. At the start of a trip we would have a general itinerary in mind, but it was always subject to change. Weather conditions might reverse our direction, and often unexpected discoveries would keep us a week in a section we had expected to pass through in an hour. We did not have to be anywhere at any time, so each day was a law unto itself. In the car were always ample provisions: food and clothing for three weeks, water for several days. During the day we would have any number of snacks, as hunger dictated. The contents of several cans heated on the gasoline stove made the evening stew—our one hot meal. At night we slept on the ground in sleeping bags.

EDWARD WESTON:
JUNIPER, HIGH SIERRAS, 1938



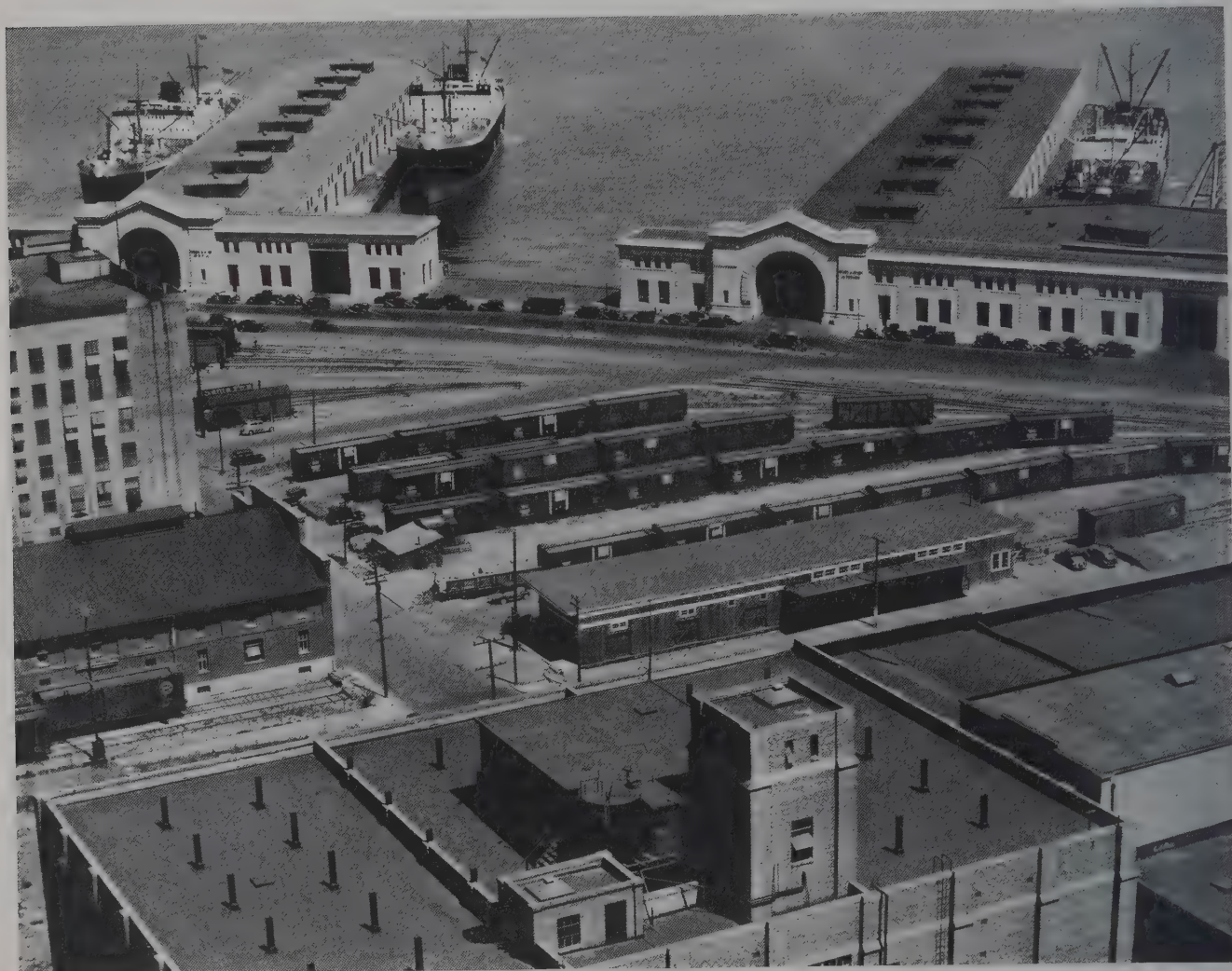
EDWARD WESTON:
BOREGO DESERT, 1938

Some days I would travel without making a single exposure. Other days I would use every one of the twenty-four films loaded. As I never make duplicate negatives, that is a big day's work. This approach is an important part of my philosophy; there must be no guesswork, nothing left to chance. When I look on my ground glass before exposure I must know and see exactly how my finished print will look.

Very often people looking at my pictures say, "You must have had to wait a long time to get that cloud just right (or

suitable for photographing rapid action or making portraits.

However, I have actually done people, in my own way. Wrecked automobiles and abandoned service stations on the desert, deserted cabins in the high Sierras, the ruins of Rhyolite, ghost lumber towns on the bleak north coast, a pair of high-buttoned shoes in an abandoned soda works, the San Francisco embarcadero, the statue of a leering bellhop advertising a Los Angeles hotel—all of these are pictures of people as well as of life.



EDWARD WESTON: EMBARCADERO, SAN FRANCISCO, 1937

that shadow, or the light)." As a matter of fact, I almost never wait, that is, unless I can see that the thing will be right in a few minutes. But if I must wait an hour for the shadow to move, or the light to change, or the cow to graze in the other direction, then I put up my camera and go on, knowing I am likely to find three subjects just as good in the same hour.

Since my project was to photograph life, I have also been questioned about the absence of human beings in my collection. Why haven't I photographed people? One reason is a personal one. For nearly thirty-five years I have been a professional portrait photographer. People were my bread and butter, and when I had the opportunity I was only too glad to have a vacation from them. I carried no equipment with me

When I say I have made a thousand negatives it sounds a little as though I had simply set out to document the state. So it might be well to state that none of my negatives were made with any historical or literary intent. I have photographed only what I was moved to. I do not say that I have a thousand masterpieces. Certainly there are minor notes, but these are necessary to round out the year's work. Life is not all highlights; there must be halftones and shadows as well.

It was a mass production year in seeing. The individual is capable of seeing much more that is worth recording than the human hand can set down. Photography is a way to record the moment almost as fast as it is seen—if the photographer is equal to the occasion.

EDWARD WESTON:
YOSEMITE, 1938



EDWARD WESTON: YUCCA &
GRANITE IN MOJAVE DESERT, 1937



RENOIR: LE PONT DES ARTS, PARIS. OIL, 1868. IN THE "VIEWS OF PARIS" SHOW AT KNOEDLER'S, JANUARY 9 TO 28

EXHIBITIONS

VIEWS OF PARIS

VIEWS OF PARIS, the exhibition opening on January 9 at the Knoedler Galleries, marks a pleasing divergence in theme from the usual one of the manifold exhibitions in this city of pictures from Paris, although with two exceptions they turn out to be one and the same thing. Paris has so long exerted her spell on most of us, so long offered richness of pictorial material in its silvery river slipping between tree bordered *quais* under a vista of gleaming white bridges with the spires of Notre Dame or the pale mass of Sacré Coeur pulling the scene into a pattern, or in the life of the river, itself, and of the streets set against a handsome *décor* of architecture that it seemed to demand that someone set down all these charms before the juggernaut of progress could demolish them. Yet it is not until the nineteenth century that French artists could turn away from the siren song of Italy and its pseudo-classical magic and look about their own world. This new feeling for the manifold enchantments of the enviroing world was, of course, one of the early intimations that all the arts were going to slip off the shackles of classical formulas, bury the dead Greeks and Romans who had so long needed such sepulture and turn to realism, romanticism and the personal idiom that marks modern life.

In fact, the earliest artist shown here, Charles Joseph Vernet, or "Carl" as he was usually known, did not quite manage to slip into the nineteenth century, a fact, perhaps, fortunate

for him as a protégé of Louis XV and the Pompadour. He speaks with an Italianate accent, of course, as his training was in Rome, but there is a direct, realistic notation in his *View of Paris*, dated 1768. We can orient ourselves in this view of the river and the city, for in the middle distance on the left is Notre Dame, minus, to be sure, its steeple, for it had been struck by lightning and was later restored by Viollet-le-Duc. The Pont de la Tournelle has a familiar aspect, since it was rebuilt only a few years ago, when it was adorned (if that is the word for it) with the gigantic figure of Sainte-Genevieve. If the design and the handling suggest an early Corot, it is quite reasonable, for the youthful Corot before severing his commercial connections and entering on a career of art used to copy landscapes by Vernet in the Louvre. A number of early views of Paris by Canella include one, *L'Ancien Hôtel de Ville*, on the same site as the present one, but very humble in comparison with the florid magnificence of the building replacing it. Yet this modest structure was a focal point for history—it saw the formation of the *Tiers Etat*, Louis XVI's appearance on a balcony wearing a tri-colored cockade, the arrest of Robespierre and other stirring occasions until its destruction during the Commune.

One of the most engaging scenes is a view of the Seine from Passy, by Charles Louis Mozin, painted in 1829 just before the building of a suspension bridge across the river from the Invalides. Looking at this peaceful stretch of curving river, lined with trees and open fields, it would take a prophetic



JEAN BÉRAUD: LA RUE ROYALE. OIL, ABOUT 1880. IN THE EXHIBITION OF "VIEWS OF PARIS" AT THE KNOEDLER GALLERIES

vision to see it spanned by all the later bridges from this point to the Quai d'Orsay—Ponts de Passy, d'Iéna, de L'Alma, des Invalides—even a glimpse of the ornate Pont Alexandre III. The later painters touch the life itself of the city—Jean Béraud's beguiling *Rue de la Paix* with the modiste assisting the fine lady into her carriage, Boldini's *Rue Chauveau-Lagarde*, the whole scene only a stage set for a lovely lady in furbelows and frills crossing the street as the last word in feminine allurements. Or there is Firman Girard's *Flower Market*, a stream of movement and color on the Boulevard de Palais—gay dresses of lady shoppers, prancing steeds and elegant carriages, panniers of flowers and busy flower girls, with the river, the old towers of the Conciergerie and the Palais de Justice as background.

Manet looks out of his studio window in the Rue St. Petersburg and paints the vista, *Rue de Berne*, mingled realism and luminism, its color pattern of pale yellows and notes of blue set off by the red of the little flags flaunting for a patriotic holiday. It is similar in theme and treatment to his *Paveurs de Rue de Berne*, demonstrating how artists had found much to say about the life about them in a new artistic language. There is the full swing of Impressionism in such a canvas as Pissarro's *Avenue de l'Opéra*, its flickering foliage, its river of traffic all caught in a scintillating web of light and color, or Monet's *Gare St. Lazare*, where swirling eddies of steam pierced by flashes of radiance dissolve forms as well as suggest how much Monet had learned from Turner.

The fact that Seurat was more interested in the theories of pointillisme and design than in human nature does not make his *Sunday at the Grande Jatte* less a revelation of a past psychology. The extreme decorum of this Sunday crowd in a

popular resort makes deep impression—not only the canes and parasols, the tremendous bustles and furbelows, but the extreme restraint and propriety of the atmosphere indicate how much water has rushed under the many bridges of Paris since this canvas was painted. van Gogh's *Montmartre* marks a new epoch, for the artists were deserting the Café Guerbois and the Latin Quarter for this locale as they were, also, deserting luminism for the new ideology of modern art. Yet the canvas itself shows luminist procedure and the influence of Japanese design which van Gogh never quite discarded. The Fauve convictions of Matisse in early life appear in his *Pont St. Michel*, insistence on form and structure rather than factual veracity. And Picasso is here, if not as gentle as a sucking dove, at least, as harmless in a canvas, *On the Deck*—figures grouped on one of the river *mouches* in realistic solidity and trenchant boldness of design. There are many other excellent paintings included, but it is good to end and begin with the river, for it is so much a part of all life in Paris as well as the most alluring of pictorial subjects.—MARGARET BREUNING.

AROUND NEW YORK

IN THE PAST six weeks or so New York has seen enough French art of the last century and a half to make up a considerable festival; enough, one might think, for the rest of the season. Headed by the remarkable Gros, Géricault, Delacroix show at Knoedler's, (commented upon elsewhere in these pages), the list included an exhibition of work by Monet, Manet and Sisley at Durand-Ruel's, followed by the same gallery's Bou-



BOLDINI: CROSSING THE STREET. OIL. ALSO AT KNOEDLER'S

din-to-Cézanne exhibition. The first named show was excellent, as might be expected from such a source, but the latter show proved disappointing in its Boudin representation. Boudin, for some reason, has never been the favorite in this country that he is in England; and at least two of the best Boudins I have ever seen are, or were, strangely enough, in the collection of the Museum of Western Art in Moscow: two of these small, luminous, beautifully painted seaside vignettes with such memorable skies. Later in December the French Art Galleries offered yet more of the work of the Impressionists. Othon Friesz had had an exhibition earlier; and Pierre Matisse had shown some striking examples of his father's work over a decade, with several excellent things offset by several of the thinner and more sheerly decorative paintings, which bring down the level of Matisse's uneven output.

But for a number of reasons the most interesting of the French series proved to be the show Carroll Carstairs got together for the benefit of the United Hospitals Fund—"The 1870's." To represent the creative activity of France in that troubled and many-sided decade the show included a scant score of works, all on loan from private collections, and lent anonymously. Manet's brilliant portrait, *Jeanne: Le Printemps*, and a sketch of a bugler; six characteristic paintings and pastels by Degas (among them the *Femmes qui se Peignent*, with its astounding draftsmanship, subtle simplicity and really extraordinary treatment of the models' hair); and Berthe Morisot's *Femme a la Capeline*, a highly individual

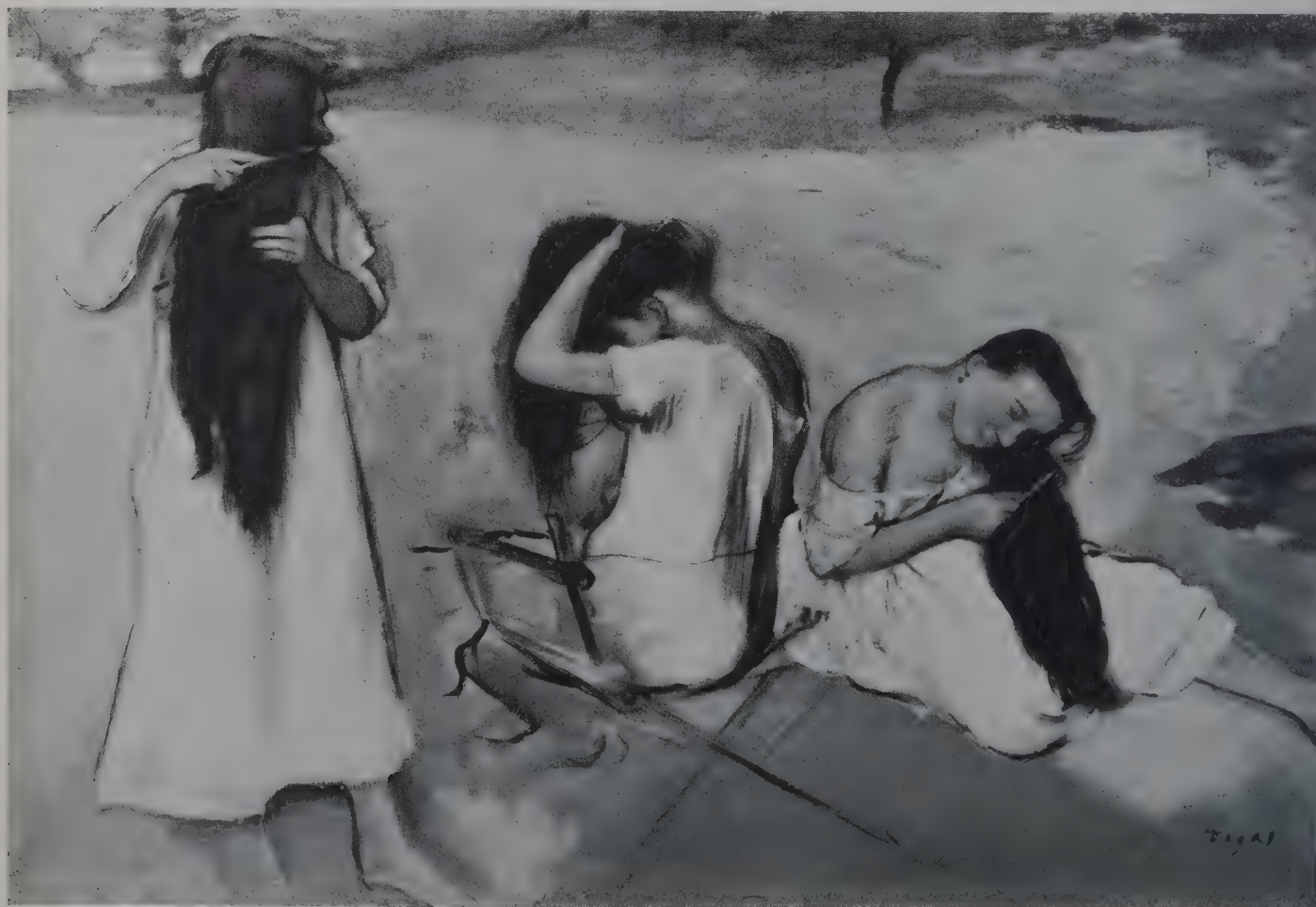
portrait by that very gifted artist, being in its blue-and-buff one of her most delightful pictures. These made up the figure pieces. Monet's *Les Grands Boulevards* and two Argenteuil scenes; Renoir's lovely flower garden in its subtlety of color; and characteristic landscapes by Cézanne, Sisley and Pissarro completed one of the gayest shows of the season.

A final Gallic note was added by the delightful exhibition of posters and lithographs by Toulouse-Lautrec which ushered in the Christmas season at the Marie Harriman Gallery.

HENRI AND WATER COLORS

EARLY JANUARY produces two unusual American exhibitions. Erwin Barrie, manager of the Grand Central Galleries, where so many slick Academicians recurrently disport themselves, remembered that he had put on a show of Glackens, Luks, Sloan and Henri in Chicago twenty-five years ago. Neither critics nor public then approved, in that city where the "Sanity in Art" movement was launched not long since. Now Mr. Barrie puts on an exhibition of paintings by Henri. In the tomb-like Fifth Avenue lounge of the galleries, with an overflow, some thirty-five pictures, chiefly from the Henri estate, have been assembled—the first important show of work by "The Emancipator," as Sloan called him, since the memorial show in 1931 at the Metropolitan.

Several of these canvases have not been exhibited before. Have we become accustomed to think of Henri as a leader and teacher with whom Hopper, du Bois, Kent, Bellows and Cole-



DEGAS: LES FEMMES QUI SE PEIGNENT. IN THE EXHIBITION "THE 1870'S" AT THE CARROLL CARSTAIRS GALLERY

man studied, rather than as a fine painter in his own right? A fine painter, at his best, he certainly was, and there are not a few artists today who still feel that his portraits too much overshadowed his landscapes, some of which, they feel, have never had the acclaim they deserve. One of those, perhaps the most unusual of the ten included in the present show, is the *Summer Evening, North River*, with afterglow in the sky although lights have already begun to glimmer through the haze.

If Henri went thin in his Irish pieces and other later work, there can be no question that he had at best an amazing ability to capture the personality and the essential quality of his sitter. The *Fisherman's Boy* is a haunting thing. Some of the other twenty-five portraits and figure pieces still sparkle and rise far above any occasional slap-dashery. One figure piece is dilute Courbet.

As he reached the essential character of his sitter, so in his precepts Henri reached something that still has a message for today. He was aware, keenly aware, of the ever-presence of change and that it is "necessary to get the value of a movement, not be content with or confused by sensational externals." That maxim ought to be framed in the workshop of every young artist today, when perhaps more than ever before the bewildering vista of innumerable blind alleys and sensational short-cuts dazzle the neophyte. So this Henri show turns back time for an instant and gives us a yardstick of sorts for the present; a moment to ponder verities in the midst of changing realities and new demands.

Skillfully combining the old and new and managing to impart to it an intimate flavor, the Kraushaars have put on a water color show which proved one of the most delightful of the holiday attractions. Of the older men, there were Prendergast's papers of subtly colorful pattern to contrast with Demuth's extraordinarily economical semi-abstract statements. Then there were characteristic papers by Frank Wilcox and Keller's vigorous lyrics. Schnakenberg's soundly organized work, Gifford Beal's draftsmanship and du Bois' poetic realism were well represented. And in Russell Cowles, long one of the Santa Fe group but now resident in New York, the younger American water colorists have a very worthy representative. He has caught in one of these paintings the eternal small town aspect: from the sooty exterior and the inevitable iron overhang one knows the grimy, bare interior of the railroad station as well as if one had seen it also. Cowles has been coming on fast and is definitely to be watched among the younger men.

Others of the younger water colorists, who have recently shown and with each succeeding exhibition mark a real advance, include Theodore Kautzky, Hungarian by birth, whose fluency is well held in check by his striking ability to eliminate nonessentials, evident more than ever in his recent show at the Argent. Horace Day, in his recent Sea Island country papers at Macbeth's, displays a new smoothness and sureness and a better organization than heretofore. George Yater, in his second exhibition at Babcock's, conveys convincingly the moods of calm and of fog along the New England coast and presents arresting designs of boats and silhouetted spars and rigging—presents them quite personally and directly with simplicity, clarity and force. These four younger men, more-



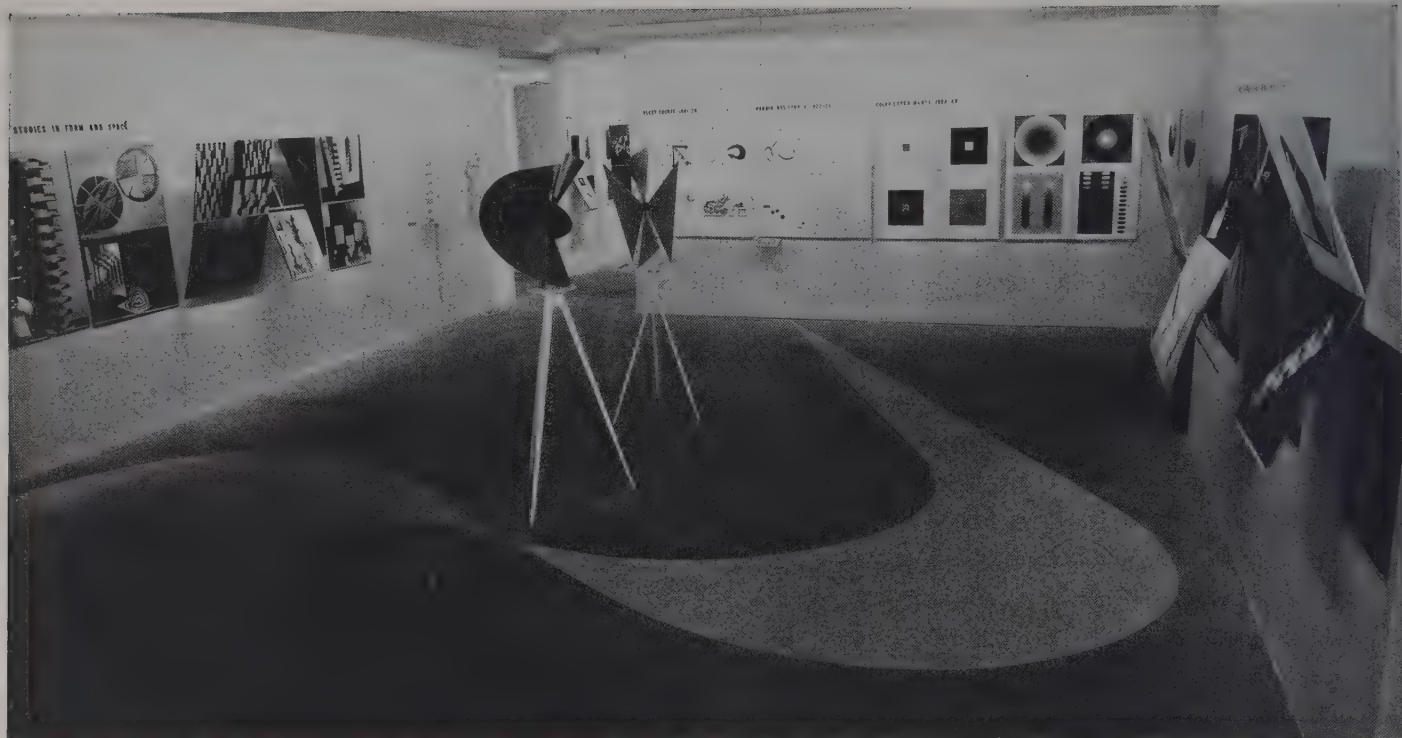
RUSSELL COWLES: RAILROAD STATION. WATER COLOR. IN THE EXHIBITION OF AMERICAN WATER COLORS AT C. W. KRAUSHAAR'S

over, are never betrayed into that pitfall where so many of our water colorists have fallen: large papers with large dry-brush areas of wash, resulting in an emptiness which, to overcome and hold the papers together, leads them to use indigo and even black freely. Such papers are so much in evidence at some of the large group shows that a number of artists I know have stopped sending work to these mass showings since the subtler and better papers are lost among the postery splashes on the crowded walls. But here and there in individual shows and small group exhibitions, there is sign of a rising crop of water colorists of distinction; and of these Cowles, especially, is one.—HOWARD DEVREE.

BAUHAUS POST MORTEM

IN 1919, during the chaotic period that followed the World War in Germany, the Bauhaus School was founded in Weimar by Walter Gropius.

In violent opposition to the paper approach of the academies, where designs were conceived in a vitiated atmosphere isolated from reality, the Bauhaus idea sought to break down the arbitrary barrier between the artisan and the artist by a



PRELIMINARY COURSES OF THE BAUHAUS ARE SET FORTH IN THE INSTALLATION OF THIS ROOM AT THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, NEW YORK

synthesis of art and technics. No amount of study can develop creative ability where it does not exist, but for the man of talent the Bauhaus offered "a thorough, practical, manual training in workshops actively engaged in production, coupled with sound theoretical instruction in the laws of design."

Now, nearly twenty years after the founding of the Bauhaus, the exhibition (Bauhaus 1919-1928), at the Museum of Modern Art in New York, presents the basic Bauhaus principles and some of the work which was the result of the application of those principles. The exhibition is arranged in sections, each one chronological in itself, following the courses of study as they developed according to the curriculum. It opens dramatically with the Feininger woodcut—the towers and stars of the first proclamation of the Weimar Bauhaus. It was this exciting and revolutionary proclamation which brought men and women, young and middle aged, from all over Germany to join the new school.

A giant egg in white plaster, a black hand and a cube of transparent plastic introduce the first section. They represent the Bauhaus synthesis—mastery of form, skill of hand, mastery of space. The rest of the section is devoted to the elementary courses. At this stage basic theory of form was taught, and in the preliminary workshop the students learned how to use simple tools and how to work wood, paper, metal and glass. They were encouraged to discover as much as possible about the properties of each material, how it felt, what it could and could not do, how it combined with other materials. On the basis of their discoveries the students made drawings and constructions, attempting to compose the materials harmoniously and at the same time to demonstrate their relationship to each other. Surrounded by the abstract forms of tiers of paper, swirls of metal, patterns of nail heads and spirals of wire, one is forcibly reminded of the sterile product of traditional art schools—the apple, the bowl, the vase, the

rigid composition and painfully brilliant high-lights of soft charcoal technique.

The second section deals with the products of the workshops. These were the workshops of pottery, carpentry, weaving, metal-work, wall painting and the stage. Unlike the arts and crafts movement which preceded it and which in a measure was its inspiration, the Bauhaus dealt directly with the problem of designing for the machine. The difference between the tools of craft and the machines of industry was, they believed, a difference of degree not of kind, and so the students were taught the principles of industrial design through craft. Beginning as they did with simple tools and simple materials, they developed an understanding of fundamental laws which applied equally to handwork and to machine work, so that they made the transition to the more complicated processes of machine production with a good amount of self-confidence, and intelligent appreciation of the new problems involved.

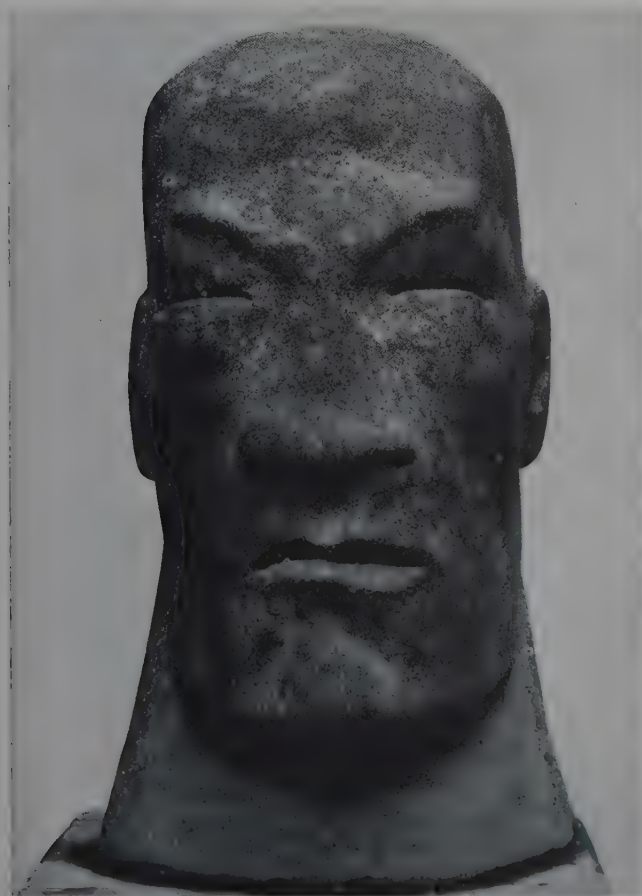
The workshop products are for the most part shown in photographs. Unfortunately only relatively few actual pieces in each design category could be assembled. The first tubular chair, invented by Marcel Breuer in 1925, is shown, the chrome and opaque glass light fittings, (the first of their kind), designed at about the same time. Looking through a peep hole one can see the fantastic spiral wire and gold sphere of Schlemmer's costumes for the Triadic Ballet (1922) revolving slowly around against a dark background.

The typographical section is well represented by the series of fourteen Bauhaus books, which were written (for the most part), designed, and, after 1923, published on the premises. In 1925 the Bauhaus made the experiment of dropping altogether the use of the capital letter in all their publications, their posters and their writing paper. They contended against strong opposition, that the simplification was justified by the



MODERN AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN SCULPTURE AS SHOWN IN THE WASHINGTON GALLERY OF THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART TO JANUARY 22

saving of time and expense. It made the process of writing by hand much quicker, made typewriting easier to learn and faster, and saved time and money for the printer.



AHRON BEN-SHMUEL: HEAD OF A PUGILIST, BLACK GRANITE. IN THE SCULPTURE SHOW AT THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART GALLERY

"Architecture," said Gropius, "invites in a collective task, all workers from the simple artisan to the supreme artist." The student was allowed to take part in the process of building only after he had successfully been graduated from the workshop—a full-fledged journeyman. There was no engineering instruction, and the student who wished to become a proper architect had to go elsewhere to complete his studies. When the school was closed by the Weimar authorities in 1925, and the Bauhaus moved to Dessau, a new building was built, designed by Gropius. In one wing was the technical school, in another, the laboratory workshops and classrooms, and the third and largest wing housed the students. The interior of the main building, as well as the interiors of the masters' houses, were almost entirely designed by the students and executed in the workshops.

A model of this austere and impressive building is displayed in the architectural section.

The painting section adjoins the architectural section. Klee, Kandinsky, Feininger and Moholy-Nagy are among those whose work is shown. The exhibition ends with two walls of pictures of the more recent work done by former students and masters. In 1933 the Nazi forces of reaction came into power, condemned the Bauhaus as a stronghold of "degenerate" art and architecture, and closed it. It is now disguised with a pitched roof and has become an officers' training school for the National Socialist Party.

There is an appendix, in the form of a display, of the work done at two of the schools patterned after the Bauhaus, the new Bauhaus in Chicago and Black Mountain College in North Carolina.

The work of these new schools does not seem, here in the United States at this time to be, or likely to be, of any particular importance. The Bauhaus has its position in history.



ROBERT HENRI: SUMMER EVENING, NORTH RIVER. OIL. IN THE EXHIBITION AT THE GRAND CENTRAL ART GALLERIES

The devastating aftermath of the World War, the urgent necessity for both masters and students to prove their new idea against opposition, induced a high standard of design, and far more important, a high morale. A revolutionary spirit of this kind is rare indeed and cannot be reproduced at will; even a teaching method like the Bauhaus' cannot be transplanted out of time and place without appearing somehow unreal and precious. Contemporary America with its highly developed capitalist system in which competition, overproduction, quick obsolescence and the influence of consumers' choice play such an important role presents a new problem of design from the point of view of education and practical application.

The exhibition was assembled and installed by Herbert Bayer who at one time was a student at the Weimar Bauhaus, who became a master when the school was transferred to Dessau. His exposition of the material (of which there is a vast, unwieldy amount) is fresh and vigorous; clarity is not at any time sacrificed to achieve an easy effect. But in spite of the amount of care exercised in the arrangement, the show is by its very nature not an easy one to digest in one visit. To be understood as a whole, even if one is familiar with the material, it must be absorbed in slow stages.—MARY COOKE.

SCULPTURE IN WASHINGTON

BY GIVING the first comprehensive exhibition of modern American and European sculpture ever held in Washington the Museum of Modern Art Gallery begins to function with real effectiveness. The show is not too comprehensive to be good. The quality of the sculpture and sculptors' drawings is well set off by the superb installation and arrangement designed by Charles M. Goodman, architect at the Procurement Division. By a skillful use of light and considered grouping Mr. Goodman has shown these works of art to fine advantage. Nowhere has he allowed the art of display to overshadow the art of the sculptor. This show is the first for which the Gallery's industrious Museum Committee has secured professional assistance.

In all but a very few cases the sculpture merits this solicitude. The bronze surface of Jo Davidson's *Dr. Albert Einstein*, lent by the Whitney Museum of American Art, seems unnecessarily nervous and broken. This defect is especially obvious when the head is contrasted with Despiau's assured portrait of Mrs. Edward Bruce. It is surprising to see included Hugo Robus' *Song* with its buttery stylization, and in the



DELACROIX: THE RETURN OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS FROM THE NEW WORLD. OIL. LENT BY KRAUSHAAR TO KNOEDLER'S "GROS, GERICAULT, DELACROIX" EXHIBITION WHICH IS TO BE SEEN THROUGH JANUARY FIFTEENTH IN THE GALLERIES OF THE ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO

same show to discover Gaston Lachaise represented by a minor work. His small gilded bronze, *Standing Figure*, though good, is not a fair choice in view of Lachaise's importance to American sculpture. Also a little mystifying is the *Standing Nude* by Maillol. Certainly this Frenchman merits the courtesy of a better selection. Notably absent from the show are Brancusi, Lipchitz and Mestrovic.

The dramatic head of *Orpheus*, in cast iron, by Carl Milles, dominates the entrance. Then, as one looks down the two large rooms, Romuald Kraus' heroic *Justice* assumes domination, almost floating between the double row of other large pieces. Mr. Kraus has produced a fine and moving piece of sculpture.

Heinz Warneke's small, powerful *Thinking Urang-Utang*, carved out of Belgian marble, conveys by its intensity the strength of stone and the power of cerebration. In his *Young Calf* Reuben Nakian also shows comprehension of animal forms and a straightforward application of craftsmanship. Alice Decker's *Seabreeze* is both substantial and lyrical; the figure seems to have been shaped by the wind into which it leans. Ahron Ben-Shmuel, in his *Head of a Pugilist* sacrifices none of the dignity and weight of black granite by nonessential carving. Herbert Ferber has chosen an appropriate mate-

rial, *lignum vitae*, and carved it tellingly, for his *Head of an Intellectual*. José de Creeft is represented by a beautifully shaped *Bather* in ebony. William Zorach and John B. Flannagan also contribute excellent pieces.

Of the three German sculptors in the exhibition Georg Kolbe is most adequately shown. His *The Crouching Woman* and *Die Klage*, the latter lent by the Modern Museum in New York, are justly representative of this artist's sensitive, strong modelling. Barlach's *The Doubter* seems less dynamic though quite as "gothic" as such pieces as *The Avenger* reproduced in the Magazine last month. Lehmbruck's *Head of the Figure of Thinking Girl* is a little bit fragmentary; at any rate, it does not give much indication of the full scope of this sculptor's work.

Among the sculptors' drawings which round out the exhibition those by John B. Flannagan, Georg Kolbe and Gaston Lachaise not only add to one's enjoyment of their three dimensional work, but are masterful in themselves.

As if it were not enough to have presented an all around good exhibition, the Gallery also lays proper claim to the recognition of S. Carroll Barnes, a sculptor who works chiefly in wood. He has sent a robust *Paul Bunyan*, carved out of well seasoned cherry. The giant stands on huge legs with an ox



VUILLARD: WOMAN SWEEPING IN AN INTERIOR. OIL. LENT BY JACQUES SELIGMANN AND CO. TO THE ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO

bent between his elbows and his mighty back. Though exaggerated in detail the carving as a whole is convincing. Mr. Barnes had his first one-man show at the Ferargil in New York last month. For that event the *Paul Bunyan* left its place in the Washington exhibition for about a fortnight. It has come back to finish its engagement with the rest of the exhibition, which closes on January 22.—F. A. W., JR.

DELACROIX, GERICAULT, GROS

IN THE NOVEMBER issue we announced the exhibition of paintings by Gros, Géricault and Delacroix held at the Knoedler Galleries for the benefit of *La Sauvegarde de l'art français* with a note written for us by the French painter, Othon Friesz. It was not surprising that Friesz, whose lucid painting logic proclaims his Gallic mentality, should have a lifelong admiration for Delacroix and his theories of warm lights and cool shadows.

His own paintings repeatedly exemplify these theories. After seeing the exhibition, which has been hailed as the outstanding event of New York's art season thus far, another phrase in the appreciation of M. Friesz came to mind. He wrote, referring to the countless conversations held by him when he was young, with other young French painters as they studied *The Women of Algiers* in the Louvre: "Meanwhile at the Louvre I was profoundly moved by another master, namely Baron Gros. His powerful construction, the fullness of his volumes, the precision of local tones, the strength of his personal expression made it possible for me to regard as abstractions the historical military subjects and to see only the bold splendor of his composition."

The exhibition has gone to the Art Institute of Chicago where it will be on view until January 15 and we take advantage of that fact to enter upon a friendly argument with our friend M. Friesz. For after several visits to the exhibition at

(Continued on page 50)



Hobbema: The Water Mill. Lent from the Ten Cate Collection, Almelo, Holland, to the Dutch Show at the Rhode Island School of Design

NEWS AND COMMENT

Federation's Thirtieth Convention

ON MAY 17, 18 and 19 the American Federation of Arts will celebrate with its Annual Convention the thirtieth anniversary of its founding. The meeting will be held in Washington, D. C., the national headquarters of the Federation.

A special Convention Committee, composed of William M. Milliken, Director of the Cleveland Museum of Art, Miss Olive M. Lyford, Olin Dows and Royal Bailey Farnum, Executive Vice-President of the Rhode Island School of Design, is working with the Federation's staff in arranging the program.

Foolproofing Contemporary Purchases

WITH THE AID of Mr. Gordon Washburn, its distinguished director, the Albright Art Gallery in Buffalo has devised what it fondly hopes will prove to be a foolproof system for the purchase of contemporary art. On January 5 it will inaugurate a room of contemporary art over which will rule a committee consisting of the Director of the Museum, the President of the Academy of Fine Arts, a representative of the Museum's art committee, and a representative of the Members' Advisory Council. It is not expected that the committee will include more than five people, and it will be appointed

annually by the President of the institution. No mention has yet been made of including an artist on the committee. In the room of contemporary art, the committee will place "on probation" its purchases made from a fund given by Mr. Seymour Knox and members of his family. It will be understood that the collection is experimental, and that no items in it will go into the permanent collection until after the committee of the probation room has agreed that an item is worthy of being submitted to the museum's committee of art. If that committee passes the work it will then go into the permanent collection.

In other words, the Albright probation plan is a scheme whereby the museum will contain within its own walls its own Luxembourg. In the case of the Louvre and the Luxembourg a work of art purchased by the latter, and meeting the test of time, is eligible to be sent to the Louvre after its author has been dead ten years or so. If at that time the work has been found wanting, it is ready for the provinces. Although this is known to every artist represented in the Luxembourg, we have never heard any officer of that institution protest that the artist was on "probation."

We suspect that this protestation is a fatal weakness in the Albright plan which, however clever and ingenious in its



Ceremonial Wine Vessel. Chinese, Early Chou Dynasty, 1122-950 B. C. Bronze. Purchased by the Cleveland Museum of Art. (J. H. Wade Fund)

proper guardianship of the funds of the room, carries within its self-protecting protestations a definitely patronizing tone toward the contemporary artist. For this reason, we imagine that artists will always prefer to have their work purchased by museums bold enough to buy them outright for their permanent collections, rather than to have them purchased for a probation room designed to save the museum from the mistakes in taste to which it would otherwise be subject. Objects of art entering this room will not only be openly on probation, but may be sold, exchanged, or otherwise disposed of, should time and changes in fashion so inspire the committee. Committees, of course, are necessary to the good management of our museums. So, also, are directors and curators of fearless, sound judgment. Frequently it works to the best advantage to the institution if the director is permitted to act unhampered by a committee. The National Gallery in London, for example, to put it mildly, certainly stands up, in its collection of paintings, with any of our museums. Over the same period of active collecting which we have enjoyed in this country, it has purchased masterpieces which our directors, rendered timid by their committees, have been either too slow or too scared to buy.

That being the case we can't excuse on grounds of an earlier start, the fact that the National Gallery buys so much better than most of our museums in the same field. There is good ground for belief that American museum procedure includes frequently too many lay committees and too few fear-

less directors and curators unhampered by lay advice. The system seems to prevent the development of bold directors. Even when they start out bold the system seems soon to overcome them.

It is our opinion that the Albright probation plan is a logical development of our committee system of running museums, and that from the point of view of protection of funds it is quite perfect. In its attitude, however, toward contemporary artists it is neither valiant nor invigorating. It adds one more notch to our unhappy record of timidity. It is one more method by which individual initiative can hide itself behind the protection of a committee, and takes no cognisance of the fact that it is a primary, not a secondary, function of a museum to stimulate fearless expression on the part of the artists in its region, and fearless taste on the part of the laymen whom it serves.

Our own suggestion is that Mr. Gordon Washburn himself could make an outstanding collection of contemporary art.

Travels of a Chinese Vessel

THE BEAUTIFUL CHINESE sacrificial wine vessel owned by the Cleveland Museum will not rest long after its return from New York, where it was seen in the Metropolitan Museum's exhibition of Chinese bronzes. It will soon go to the Golden Gate International Exposition in San Francisco.

The vase, which has been dated tentatively in the early Chou dynasty (1122—950 B. C.) is decorated with symbolic ornamentation of unusual design. The character of the decoration, some of the grace and strength of its form, can be seen in reproduction. However, the color and patina can only be imagined. The ground is a soft turquoise blue, with accents of red and patches of green incrustation.

Dutch Masters under Consideration

SIXTY-FOUR PAINTINGS by Dutch masters, over half of which were sent from Europe, are on exhibition at the Museum of the Rhode Island School of Design, in Providence, until January 25. Several are being considered for inclusion in the collection of Old Masters at the New York World's Fair.

While private collectors here and abroad have lent their paintings, the majority are from dealers' galleries. The largest single representation is five works by Rembrandt, which are not among his best known productions. *Still Life with Dead Game* is lent by Mrs. John D. McIlhenny of Philadelphia; *Portrait of Petronella Buys* was sent from the van Gelder Collection in Brussels; and the other three are *King David with His Harp*, *Portrait of Adrien Rembrandt*, from Wildenstein and Company, New York, and a *Self-Portrait*, lent by D. Katz of Amsterdam. Three Frans Hals paintings are on display: *Portrait of a Lady*, also from the van Gelder Collection; *Fishermen*, lent by the Schaeffer Galleries; and *Portrait of a Gentleman* from Wildenstein.

Genre pictures include Pieter de Hooch's *Interior Court in Delft*, from the Ten Cate Collection, Almelo, Holland. Ter Broch, Jan Steen, Nicolas Maes and Gabriel Metsu are also represented, the latter by *The Artist and His Wife* from the

Metropolitan Museum in New York. *The Geographer* by Vermeer is lent by E. John Magnin of New York.

The landscape group includes Hobbema's *The Water Mill*, formerly in the collection of the Earl of Crawford, and now in the Ten Cate Collection. *Cemetery* and a view of *Haarlem*, loaned respectively by the Detroit Institute of Arts and M. Knoedler and Company, of New York, are two of the four landscapes by Jacob van Ruysdael.

When one considers the prices which these Dutch paintings bring today, it is ironic to think that many in their own time were sold in the open market for scarcely the price of a meal.

Amber Sculpture

WE ARE INDEBTED to Professor Albert T. Olmstead of the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago for information concerning the amber statuette of Ashur-nasir-apal, King of Syria, which was recently acquired by the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. This replica of a king who reigned from 885 to 860 B. C. was found in a mound on the banks of the Tigris River in Mesopotamia. Mounted on a rough block of wood, it stands about seven and one half inches high.

Assyrian sculpture in the round is extremely rare, but even more distinctive is the material, which is believed to have come from the Baltic. Although amber has been found before in excavations in the Near East, this is the largest single piece to have been unearthed. Another unique feature is the gold breastplate, which is of a reddish tinge.

This breastplate is one of the characteristics which distinguish the amber figure from the stone statue of Ashur-nasir-apal in the British Museum. In the former he is represented as a high priest, whereas the latter depicts him in regal majesty as "king of the land of Syria."

A paper will subsequently be published by Professor Olmstead on this important new acquisition of the Boston Museum.

American Dance Divided

JOHN MARTIN in *The New York Times* for Sunday, December 18, took stock of the American dance as the year drew to a close. While finding much to commend, he also found cause for lament.

His principal complaint was "the quite disproportionate inferiority of its accomplishments in the field of composition to those in the field of performance." Except for the work of certain outstanding figures, the "embarrassingly few" whom he leaves unnamed, he found little cause for optimism.

He attributed one of the difficulties to the two quite antagonistic theories which divide the field, whether held consciously or not: on the one hand, the purely subjective "self-expression" school, which looks on dance as opportunity for unbridled emotional release; and on the other, those who treat it entirely objectively, forcing steps and movements into an intellectual and arbitrary arrangement according to a pre-determined pattern.

Some day, no doubt, the golden mean between these two methods will be reached, although the solution is doubtless not half so simple as it sounds.

In the meanwhile, audiences who have suffered from either undiluted form of expression will rejoice that Mr. Martin



Amber and Gold Statuette of Ashur-nasir-apal, King of Syria. IX Century B. C. Recently acquired by the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

recommends that composers "carry with them, almost as a tangible materialization, the invisible presence of the hypothetical spectator throughout the process of composition."

Phillips Traveling Exhibition

MR. DUNCAN PHILLIPS, noted collector and Director of the Phillips Memorial Gallery, has assembled a loan exhibition of "Thirty American Paintings by Thirty Contemporary Artists." It will be circulated throughout the country by the American Federation of Arts. Among the artists represented are Olin Dows, Vaughn Flannery, Margaret Gates, Morris Kantor, Karl Knaths, Peppino Mangravite, Herman Maril, Marjorie Phillips, Andree Ruellan, Niles Spencer, Harold Weston and Lawrence Whitaker.

Brooklyn Appointment

THE TRUSTEES of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, that august body which controls the destinies of the Brooklyn Museum, has announced the appointment of Laurance P. Roberts as Director. Mr. Roberts has been acting in this capacity ever since the resignation of Philip N. Youtz last April. He has been associated with the Museum for four years, having previously been Curator of Oriental Art, a position to which he came from the Philadelphia Museum, where he was Assistant in Chinese Art.

Not long after the news of Mr. Roberts' appointment, came an announcement that the Museum's most recent acquisition



George Grosz: *Self-Portrait*, 1936. One of the pictures in the survey exhibition of his work now being held at the Art Institute of Chicago

was the handsome and dignified *Semitic Head* by José de Creeft (reproduced in the January, 1938, issue of the Magazine). With this indication of good direction before us, it would certainly seem that the Trustees have made a wise choice.

George Grosz, American Citizen

IN THE BRILLIANT roster of current exhibitions at the Art Institute of Chicago is a one-man show of work by George Grosz, which constitutes a survey of his art from 1918 to the present time. Grosz, who was born in Germany in 1893, recently became an American citizen. He first came to this country in 1932—a political refugee. Chiefly known for his satirical drawings, which offer searing comment on wartime Germany and the period which followed, his recent work contains more pure painting, less social satire.

Those who preferred his bitter sketches are prone to remark that America has "sweetened" Grosz. This seems to us rather far-fetched.

Blake at the Philadelphia Museum

THE PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM's major effort this season will be a comprehensive exhibition of the works of William Blake. Inaugurating the opening of the Museum's newly constructed print galleries, it will be held from February 11 to March 20.

A catalog of the exhibition, which will interest bibliophiles as much, if not more, than art lovers, will contain an introduction by A. Edward Newton, noted scholar and author, who is also a Blake collector. In addition to water colors, drawings and engravings from well known collections, books and manuscripts will be on display, including the famous Rossetti manuscript, which is owned by Mrs. William Emer-

son. There will also be much newly discovered material, chiefly from the Lessing J. Rosenwald Collection.

That so large and comprehensive a Blake exhibition as contemplated by the Philadelphia Museum can be assembled without loans from Europe indicates how much Blake material is owned in this country. In addition to such well known institutions as the Metropolitan Museum, the Pierpont Morgan Library and the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, his works are in the hands of many private collectors.

Daily Life in the Middle Ages

UNTIL JANUARY 31 an exhibition illustrating, to quote the announcement, "The Work and Play of Noble, Peasant and Townsman" of the Middle Ages (1100—1500), will occupy the Walters Art Gallery. Such a title should attract many visitors. It combines both the charm of the ancient and the allure of the present. We ourselves shall certainly go to see it.

Juilliard Composers' Competition

THE ANNUAL COMPETITION conducted by the Juilliard School of Music for an orchestral composition by an American composer, to be published at the School's expense, will close on February 1.

All American-born or naturalized musicians are eligible. Works submitted must be suitable for performance by a major symphony orchestra. Only works whose copyright is owned or can be controlled by the composer should be submitted. Manuscripts written in pencil will not be considered. Works which have already been performed should indicate the times and places of performances. Compositions should be sent to Oscar Wagner, Dean of the Juilliard School of Music, 130 Claremont Avenue, New York City. Manuscripts should be insured and the sender's name and address securely attached. The work or works selected in the competition, provided there are any of sufficient merit to justify the award, will be published in 1939. Manuscripts not chosen will be returned to their senders before June 15.

Artists' Council in the Northwest

ARTISTS' GROUPS in the State of Washington have banded together and formed a corporate body, to be known as the Artists' Council. Kenneth Callahan, Seattle artist and museum curator, has been elected chairman of the new organization.

The Council's purposes are to support existing art activities, to develop more widespread interest in the arts throughout the state and to interest the community in more extensive purchasing. It will be interesting to see how the artists themselves develop this program, which embraces functions so frequently left to well intentioned laymen, or else not done at all.

Cambodian Memorial Head

AS A MEMORIAL to Dr. Ewald Eiserhardt, late Professor of the History of Art and German Literature at the University of Rochester, his friends and former students have presented a Khmer head of a Bodhisattva (11th-12th century) to the Rochester Memorial Gallery. It takes its place in the Gallery of Far Eastern Art beside three other examples of Cambodian

sculpture—a bronze fourteenth-century Buddha, presented by Mr. James Sibley Watson, and two heads of the Khmer period, acquired by Dr. Eiserhardt himself on one of his trips to the East. These have been loaned by Mrs. R. Plato Schwartz.

Charlemagne to Napoleon

WHILE NEW YORK has been deluged with French art this season, from the romantics to the surrealists, the Pierpont Morgan Library offers a display that is different. Until March 15 they are having an exhibition representative of French art and letters from the time of Charlemagne to the Napoleonic era. A choice selection includes illuminated manuscripts, armorial bindings, drawings by Poussin, Claude Lorrain and such eighteenth-century elegants as Watteau, Fragonard and Boucher.

Stradivari

"THE STRADIVARI MEMORIAL," a slim book just published by the Library of Congress, tells how the United States Government came into possession of five of the world's greatest musical instruments, and how their preservation has been assured.

In 1937 Mrs. Matthew John Whittall gave five Stradivari instruments—three violins, a viola and a violoncello—to the Library of Congress. She also gave bows by Tourte, a Frenchman as great in his line as Stradivari in his. However, her generosity did not end there. With wise foresight she provided a fund which would insure that these instruments would be played upon, since they would deteriorate if they were not used. Paganini's violin, for instance, which was bequeathed to the Museum in Genoa and preserved in a glass case, is now

practically useless. In programs of chamber music each season in the Coolidge Auditorium of the Library of Congress musicians will play upon these instruments instead of on their own. On December 18 of each year there will be a special program in commemoration of the anniversary of Stradivari's death.

The book, compiled and designed by William Dana Orcutt, gives details concerning the life of the master violin-maker, who lived in Cremona from 1644 to 1737; it also tells the history of each of the instruments in the collection.

Federal Laboratory

FOUR DAYS BEFORE Christmas the Federal Art Project of the WPA opened the newly installed gallery and working quarters of its National Exhibition Section at 514 Tenth Street, Washington. These rooms are the fountainhead and laboratory of a service which is growing in importance and reflect a determination to put to the best possible use the many publicly owned works of art created under the project. Well planned exhibitions for distribution to the Federal Art Centers established all over the country and to other agencies are the major aim of this section.

Upstairs and Down

IN THE '90s there was a well-to-do American painter living in London who gave much more time to leading an "interesting" life than painting. He knew Whistler, and made a collection of his etchings and lithographs which were inherited by a brother who gave no time either to an "interesting" life or to painting. Inheriting the collection, and detesting it, the brother hung it in the upstairs halls near the servants' quarters. Meanwhile, Whistler's fame was increasing by leaps and

(Continued on page 55)

Lawrence Whitaker: *Night Shift*. Oil. Included in the show from Phillips Memorial Gallery circuiued by The American Federation of Arts



NEW BOOKS ON ART

Goya

Goya: A Biography. By Charles Poore. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York, 1938. Price \$3.50.

CHARLES POORE's biography of Goya is witty and extremely readable. In terse, epigrammatic style it traces the artist's long and lusty career, which spanned a turbulent period in Spanish history.

Goya was born in Fuendetodos, Aragon, in 1746. He lived at a time when art was fettered by Academism abroad, and was at a very low ebb at home. In 1789, the year of the fall of the Bastille, he became court painter to Charles IV, a weak ruler whose dissolute entourage he lampooned mercilessly. In 1808 he saw Napoleon's soldiers march into Madrid and the leaderless citizens rise to their own defense, only to be shot down in the brutal reprisals which followed. His life ended at Bordeaux, France, at the age of eighty-two, the survivor of all but one of his twenty children. Mr. Poore believes his exile was not self-imposed. Certainly there was no love lost between Goya and Ferdinand, who succeeded Charles after a brief Napoleonic interlude, and was "the worst king Spain ever had."

The author has drawn on many sources for his material. He is careful to separate the legendary from the factual, presenting the former for what it is worth, without apology or explanation. His quotations extend impartially over a wide field, embracing such diversified figures as Madariaga, Ernest Hemingway and Thomas Craven along with Matheron, Yriarte, Mayer and other Goya biographers. The book gives a background of the times as reflected in the artist's life, with excellent character sketches of the principal figures with whom he was associated.

Although Mr. Poore has an aptitude for the quick turn of phrase and frequent use of clever sentences makes the book lively reading, one is conscious of a straining for effect. Throughout are interspersed such expressions as the following: "Goya was not a revolutionist: he was a revolution." ". . . Leocadia Weiss, a preposterous woman Mayer says was a cousin once removed; perhaps not soon enough." Of the Prado Gallery he says, it is "so long you can almost see the curve of the earth on its floor." He is at his best in describing the foibles of Maria Luisa, Charles IV's erring queen, who was cordially disliked by everyone. The Duchess of Alba moves him to eloquence, as she did so many during her lifetime—" . . . her extravagance was tempered by generosity, her haughtiness by wit, and her beauty needed no tempering at all."

The author graduated from Yale in 1926 and is now Assistant Editor of the *New York Times Book Review*. We are told that he has been engaged in writing the book over a period of four years and spent ten in collecting the data. He made two lengthy trips to Spain, during the second of which he saw the beginning of the Civil War, when the Spanish people rose as they had in Goya's day, but this time against each other.

Publication of a biography of Goya just now seems particularly timely. A towering figure in art history, his influence is

much in evidence today. The present interest in social commentary has increased his followers; one sees his impress in many current works.

There is no doubt that present day "socially conscious" artists could not have a better master. However, they should bear it in mind that Goya was first and foremost an artist; propaganda was a result but never an end in itself. He was able to hold up the mirror to his time with such striking clarity because he had "the grasp, the zest, the knowledge of life to enable him to do it." He was thoroughly versed in the art of painting; and in all his long life he never stopped learning, never rested on the pattern of his success, was always reaching towards new frontiers.

The book is attractively gotten up. Unfortunately, however, the reproductions leave much to be desired. There is an appendix which quite wisely does not attempt to catalog Goya's works at the present time. It consists mainly of a "key" to *Los Caprichos*, the well known series satirizing life in Madrid in the days of Charles IV and Maria Luisa. This has been compiled from Goya's own commentary as furnished by Mayer, and from other source material, to which the author modestly adds: "the other interpretations, and the mistakes, are my own."—JANE WATSON.

Mozart

Mozart: The Man and His Works. By W. J. Turner. Alfred A. Knopf. New York, 1938. Price \$4.

W. J. TURNER will probably be the last to complain if we say the best of his *Mozart: The Man and His Works* is from Mozart's own hand. The composer's frequent and always fruitless journeys in search of a decent living have left the world an extensive heritage of family letters from which Mr. Turner has chosen generously and aptly. He does, however, omit all Rabelaisian passages with the exception of a few "untranslatable" excerpts which are virtuously printed in German.

Like all biographers of this incomparable genius Mr. Turner is enamored of his subject. If this were his only axe to grind, how much better his book would have been. His self-styled "sober and truthful account of Mozart's life" is curiously marked by an inflammatory conviction that fine art is for the aristocratic few. He belabors this point overmuch. He says that if Mozart lived today he would fare even worse than during his lifetime because "with the twentieth century and universal education the artist found that he was now at the mercy of the lowest common taste of the multitude." It is hard to see how any age could be rougher on a superlative genius than Mozart's was on him. And this was an age when the aristocracy and not the general public had the means to support the artist.

The frequent recurrence of this resentful temper directed toward the great middle class which today comprises the body of the music-loving public shadows the commendable aspects of this biography. We are grateful for Mr. Turner's careful mention of each composition, with all vital statistics, at its

(Continued on page 56)

Yours for Good Service



The people use the telephone—
in this country nearly everybody.

The people operate the tele-
phone—about 300,000 of them in
the Bell System.

The people own the telephone
business. There are about 750,000
owners of Bell System securities.

All of this works together to
give you the best telephone ser-
vice in the world at the lowest
possible cost.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



EXHIBITIONS

(Continued from page 42)

Knoedler's an experience was repeated by this reviewer. Each time Gros seemed to fall a little further behind the others. Each time Delacroix rose further above the others. And this despite the thrill that Géricault seems always to hold in store for those who respond to his dashing exuberance.

These three have been repeatedly called the great Romantics. The grandeur of their concepts is alien to our day. Yet although the concepts may be dated, vital creative energy, expressing itself in the forms of another time, remains alive and lives as long as the work exists. Vital creative energy is in fact the only indispensable element in any art that may be called great. In looking at the pictures in search of this element it blazes before our eyes with incomparably greater glory in Delacroix than in the others. The impact is terrific.

It is an energy that found its inevitable medium in painting and drawing and for that reason we are aware that we are looking at great painting. It is no news that Delacroix was a great painter, but great artists are extremely rare. We can never have enough of them. They are like formidable wind roaring in the tree-tops. They blow away the miasmic vapors that surround the trivialities of life befogging our sense of human and esthetic values. They restore our mental health and clear our minds overburdened with the task of trying to find our way in the torrent of mediocre expression that pours over us.

It is not that our day is more mediocre than other days. Delacroix was unique in his own day and will remain so. This point is accentuated as we turn to Géricault and Gros, for it is apparent on the face of it that their time claims them to a much greater degree than it does Delacroix.

Géricault often dealt with his swirling intricate compositions with superb spirit, with a full mastery of their complex rhythms. Sometimes, as in the portrait of a madman he could forget the grand manner and could produce a portrait memorable for both force and subtlety.

As I have said Gros comes off third best. Though he is supposed to have inspired the other two, or at least to have started them on the lines they followed he is far surpassed by both of them. His talent was often in danger of being submerged by pomp and bombast; but as the precursor of French romanticism, it is fitting and important that he should take his place in the group. Especially is this true in this country since it is said that there are only two of his pictures in American collections. Géricault also is but meagrely represented in America.

Through Gros' association with Napoleon and Josephine and his following of Napoleon's military exploits the artist dedicated much of his work as a vehicle for propaganda—a proceeding which I suspect never did any painter any good.

Like New York, Chicago is fortunate to have this exhibition. It is truly a great occasion, an outstanding presentation of the work. That in itself would be enough. But it is also a rare opportunity for the American public which has few chances to see pictures by these masters. It is an opportunity which is not likely to occur again.

As if this exhibition were not enough to add to the ever present interests for visitors to the Art Institute of Chicago there will also be held at the same time an exhibition of Vuillard and Bonnard which in itself will offer temptations for comparisons which start all sorts of thoughts streaming through the mind. We wonder, for example, what the predecessors could have



*Elizabeth Worthington:
White Barns in Snow.
Included in her first one-
man show at the Bone-
stell Gallery, New York*

done if they had tried to paint in the manner of a hundred years later, and what, for example, M. Bonnard could do if he tried to emulate the drawing of Delacroix. Idle thoughts—and besides, the Vuillard-Bonnard exhibition is referred to elsewhere in this issue.—F. W.

OTHER ONE-MAN SHOWS

FRANK LONDON

IT IS GOOD to see Frank London's work in a one-man exhibition again. He has evidently profited by his absence from the gallery arena by hard work and serious reflection, for his paintings have a new richness of color and a decidedly more concentrated design. He has overcome a tendency observed a



Frank London: *Still Life*. Oil. At Montross Gallery exhibition

few years ago to big forms in a rather sprawling pattern, for however complicated most of his canvases are in detail, he succeeds in imparting a unity of impression to their complexity. The textures in these paintings are notable, highly varied and always conveying a latent sense of richness, rather than an obvious lavishness. His designs are inventive (only occasionally on the precious side) and his tasteful color maintains a congruous relation to his design.

DURR FREEDLEY

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the Metropolitan Museum after his graduation from Harvard in 1911, remaining six years. For part of this time he was Curator of Decorative Art; it was through his judgment and taste that the Museum obtained a large amount of the Colonial woodwork and panelling for the American wing. After the war he began his career as a professional portrait painter, living in Rome and later in Paris. In 1930 he returned to this country, residing in Newport until his accidental death last March. Both in portraiture and decoration his work had distinction. His murals and decorations include frescoes in the Memorial Chapel of the Seamen's Institute in Newport, murals for Trinity Church, New York, and for a convent in New Jersey. This showing included portraits, easel paintings, drawings and decorations.—MARGARET BREUNING.

DANIEL SERRA

DANIEL SERRA, a young Cuban artist who has recently made his debut in our local art world at the Karl Freund Gallery, received his education successively in his native country, in Kingston, Jamaica, in the New York Public Schools, and in Barcelona, Spain. While he has studied law as a vocation and art as an avocation he appears to know all the answers in the art field. The most complicated problems in perspective do not seem to daunt this young painter (he is not yet twenty-five). Moreover, he has an uncanny surety of draftsmanship, fluency of brushwork, soundness of structural design. The fact that he has studied sculpture as well as painting accounts, doubtless, for his knowledge of form and his refinement as well as strength in modeling it. That fact may also explain a certain inelasticity in his line and rigidity in his figures. While he is tactful in his use of color, the old-master backgrounds and high finish of surfaces give a certain frigidity to his work, although the ideas themselves are lively. It will be interesting to see where he will go from this point of departure.—M. B.

SILZ AND FERSTADT

AT THE Hudson D. Walker Galleries Arthur Silz, a newcomer to this country as well as to our galleries, is holding an exhibition of paintings. He has a nice feeling for his medium—good, juicy paint which he appears to delight in. His work has freshness and freedom from clichés. His paintings of the Baltic in bold, simplified design are especially successful—ships, sand dunes, cold sky and bleak sea. His figure pieces have strength and soundness with the fillip of unusual compositions, yet none of them appears to be intentionally bizarre; rather there is a complete harmony between the idea and its expression.

During the month Louis G. Ferstadt will hold his first one-man exhibition at this gallery. His work is familiar through its inclusion in many group showings. He has been experimenting in a variety of mediums, tempera, tempera with silica, Duco paint—in fact, one of his best paintings is carried out in Duco, a colorful scene, *Night Life*, that has vibrancy and animation.—M. B.

ISABEL BISHOP

AN EXHIBITION OF the work of Isabel Bishop will open at the Midtown Galleries on January 15 and continue through February 4. The position which Isabel Bishop has won for herself in contemporary art is in every sense deserved. But it was not come by easily. Few artists have given the years of their professional life so devotedly to work. Few have resisted all temptation to attract attention to themselves by other than professional activities. If we were asked to name the painters of today who have the undiluted respect of their fellow painters, Isabel Bishop would appear high up on the list.

Her abilities became apparent some years before she found it possible to evolve the personal style that is now hers. To put it bluntly, for some time after her paintings were seen in the important exhibitions she remained in method and viewpoint a pupil of Kenneth Hayes Miller. That no permanent handicap was created by her devoted apprenticeship to this serious teacher is proved by the fact that although her emergence from school influences may have been longer than usual, she is now, as a highly individual exponent of the art of painting, a distinctive personality.

To judge by her steady and, incidentally, much studied output Miss Bishop has interested herself more and more in developing a style capable of expressing her sensitive outlook, and her dislike of the obvious. She has drawn much with



Isabel Bishop: Seated Nude. In the artist's one-man exhibition at the Midtown Galleries, New York, January 17 to February 4



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great flexibility and delicacy, and at the same time with an acute apprehension of the movement of the figure as a whole.

Sometimes we feel that in her avoidance of obvious delineation she becomes too complex. As one astute critic remarked, "Miss Bishop is going Old Master on us." I would never have thought of putting it that way myself, yet it does seem as if such extremely close searching for subtle values sometimes leads this artist to over-see the focal point of her picture. Perhaps it also leads to a vagueness of color, a neutrality approaching timidity. She has such remarkable abilities that one wonders if they would gain or lose by a slightly cleaner and more outward color statement.—F. W.

BONNARD AND VUILLARD

THE LOAN EXHIBITION of paintings and prints by Pierre Bonnard and Edouard Vuillard, which remains on view at the Art Institute of Chicago through January 15, contains twenty-three paintings by Bonnard, and twenty paintings by Vuillard. Also by Bonnard is a group of lithographs entitled "Some Aspects of the Life of Paris" given to the Museum by Walter S. Brewster, and by Vuillard a group of lithographs in color, many of which belong to the Art Institute through gift from the same celebrated collector. Daniel Catton Rich, Director of Fine Arts of the Institute, has written for the catalog a foreword at once informed and appreciative. A second note on the lithographs of Bonnard and Vuillard has been contributed by the expert pen of Dorothy Stanton.

Several of the paintings by Bonnard have been lent by the Phillips Memorial Gallery, indeed, no less than nine, and to this Gallery on the 22nd of January for a month's visit will come an exhibition of the work of Edouard Vuillard.

Both Vuillard and Bonnard have long occupied in France, and in the world of art in general, positions apart from some of their slightly over-promoted contemporaries. In fact, Vuillard especially seems already firmly established in the great tradition of French painting.—F. W.



José de Creeft: Nude, High Relief. Seen last month at Passedoit's

NEWS AND COMMENT

(Continued from page 47)

bounds. With each increase, so to speak, the collection moved downstairs. It reached the second story where visitors saw it. The gentleman became known as a collector of Whistler, and the Whistlers came downstairs where everybody could see them. Being known inadvertently as a collector he grew to enjoy the fact, and actually did become a collector. The mod-



Carl Schmitz: *Reclining Nude*, terra cotta. One of a group of five figurines in this medium which won first prize in ceramic sculpture at the Syracuse Museum's annual Robineau Memorial Show

ern period swept in. Our collector of Whistlers began to purchase drawings by Segonzac, Matisse, Picasso, and other moderns. These he supplemented with prints, and now, curiously enough, the great hallway is occupied by modern black and whites, and the Whistlers are again in the third story where the servants sleep. We are not in a position to prophesy whether or when the Segonzacs *et al* will go to the third floor, and Whistlers return to the ground floor.

Four Oriental Rooms, Philadelphia

THE PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM OF ART announces the opening of an inaugural exhibition in four new galleries of oriental art with a reception and private view on the evening of January 5. The public will be welcome from the next day on. This opening will be quite an event, for the Museum's department of Oriental Art is fortunate in having as its head Horace H. F. Jayne, whose gift of skilfully unobtrusive presentation is well known in the field. Mr. Jayne's beautiful installations at the University Museum, Philadelphia, of which he is the Director, are famous.

Within a Magazine

THE DECEMBER ISSUE of Mr. Henry Luce's *Architectural Forum* appears containing *plus: orientations of contemporary architecture* called a "magazine within a magazine." It is no wonder that the editors of the *Forum* set off these sixteen pages

(Continued on page 60)

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NEW BOOKS ON ART

(Continued from page 48)

logical point in the biography. He does fine work to demolish the "sweet child" myth which for so long hindered true appreciation of Mozart's genius. He happily condemns the notion that Mozart was a product of an artificial salon spirit. He does not, however, recognize that these false conceptions are already abating among the general music-loving public. In his peculiarly defensive way, he prefers to snatch the beloved



COURTESY ALFRED A. KNOPP

J. Lange: Portrait of Mozart, 1782-3. The original of this unfinished portrait is in the Mozart Museum, Salzburg, Austria

genius into his exclusive circle out of reach of the vulgar crowd rather than to rejoice that more and more people are growing into a deeper appreciation of Mozart's music.

In banishing one romantic conception, Mr. Turner is in danger of creating another. The persistent failure of Mozart

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to find a job that would release him from debt and worry at a time when there were many such posts available leads to the feeling that this was a relentless pre-ordained fate. Even Mozart felt that way, as well he might during his bitter last years. However, relentless fates pursue all kinds of men, some with genius, some without. It is stretching a point to claim that the neglect of a genius by his contemporaries is "the index of [his] value." Ernest Newman squashed this point comprehensively in *A Music Critic's Holiday*. Mozart's fate, reasonably considered, seems the result of the foul chance that those contemporaries who were in a position to give him a job remained indifferent, while those who admired him could not help him. Bach was luckier; so was Haydn, so was Beethoven.

We do not wish to diminish the value of this book by emphasis on these points. They are, however, an irritating factor. Otherwise the book has much value as a compact life-story and as an illuminating evaluation of his music. It is interesting that Mr. Turner, in dealing concretely with Mozart's music, is lucid and compelling whereas when considering the genius of the man he becomes involved and obscure. Doubtless his mystic interpretation of genius requires of the reader a similar predilection for using indefinable terms which this reviewer does not share. We do not believe, however, that ruminations on the aspects of abstract good and evil in Mozart's genius are necessarily an aid to appreciation of his music, unless this mental mechanism is generally in use by the individual when contemplating high art.

Basis for argument on specific critical points is present but need not be elaborated here. Mr. Turner knows already that he stands alone, among all Mozart worshippers, in his amazing belief that *Così fan tutte* is a work of "iron realism" . . . "a tragicomedy . . . the most profound and terrifying work of its kind ever written."—HELEN BUCHALTER.

The New Vision

The New Vision. By L. Moholy-Nagy. W. W. Norton & Company. New York, 1938. Price \$3.75.

IN RE-ISSUING, with amplification and the addition of many new illustrations, *The New Vision*, Professor Moholy-Nagy puts in the hands of American readers an organized set of ideas and facts by which many will profit. His is not a book to read so much as a book to study. In every sense it is a text-book—the curriculum of the tragic Dessau Bauhaus and the promising but unlucky New Bauhaus. Two kinds of text-books exist. The one is a written set of lectures, the other an organic supplement to lectures and instruction. *The New Vision* falls into the latter class. Accordingly, by itself it is slow going and demands tough thinking to be grasped completely. But like the best text-books it has the superlative virtue of covering a great area and compressing many ideas in a little space. The sphere treated is explained by the sub-title: "Fundamentals of Design: Painting, Sculpture, Architecture." More particularly the author's concern is the fundamentals of modern art in all of its aspects. An ingenious thread, the ex-

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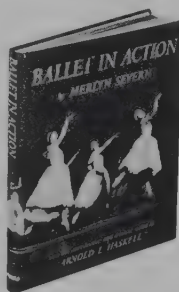
STUDIES IN ICONOLOGY

By ERWIN PANOFSKY

Dr. Panofsky, a member of the School of Humanistic Studies at the Institute of Advanced Study, Princeton, has an international reputation as a lecturer and writer on the theory and history of art. In this book, which formed the substance of the fourth series of Mary Flexner lectures at Bryn Mawr College, he deals with the following topics: Meaning and Methods of Renaissance Iconology; The Early History of Man in a Cycle of Paintings by Piero di Cosimo; 'Father Time'; 'Blind Cupid'; The Neo-Platonic Movement and Titian; The Neo-Platonic Movement and Michelangelo. 7½ inches x 10 inches. 298 pp. 179 illustrations. \$3.50

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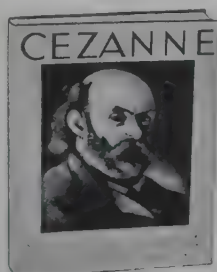
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position of the Bauhaus preliminary course, relates this material both to modern art education and to modern art. In explaining the three fundamental workshop activities of the first year course, the reader is given quite the best introduction to three important modern artists: this first year course deals with tactile values (Picasso and the cubists), hand sculpture and forms (Brancusi) and space (Gropius and modern architecture).

I sincerely hope this valuable book finds its way into the hands of intelligent teachers who are aware of the drastic contradictions between conventional art instruction and the development of modern art; into the hands of insecure art students who suspect they are not getting the solid realities of art but glib instructions in skin-treatment, and are willing to do some hard work; and into the hands of those who are seriously interested in fairly understanding modern art as an expression of the intentions of modern artists and a reflection of the position they occupy today.—F. A. GUTHEIM.

Woodcuts of New York

Woodcuts of New York. Pages from a Diary by Hans Alexander Mueller. 32 woodcuts. New York, 1938. J. J. Augustin. Price \$1.50.

IN THIS UNPRETENTIOUS but excellently made small book Mr. Mueller sets down "an immediate record of strong impressions in the early weeks, ranged loosely and at random, spontaneously following the excitement before its power can dwindle through familiarity." Enough of his diary is translated to supplement the woodcuts he made in that spirit. These show commendable economy and directness, and as a result have a feeling of spontaneity not often found in this medium.



COURTESY J. J. AUGUSTIN

Hans Alexander Mueller: Newsstand under the Elevated

The impact of New York on a newcomer is likely to be tremendous, especially to the sharpened perceptions of an artist who comes to stay and not merely to visit. In spite of this, Mr. Mueller's eye has not been caught exclusively by skyscrapers and the George Washington Bridge, but has picked out, as well, smaller details that are quite as characteristic of the city. Among them are his prints, *Riverside Drive*, *In Central Park* and *Newsstand under the Elevated*.—F. A. W., JR.

El Greco

El Greco. Introduction by Ludwig Goldscheider. New York, 1938. Oxford University Press. 232 gravure plates; 13 color plates. Price \$3.00

OF THE GREAT masters of painting few have exerted so strong an influence on the art and criticism of the early twentieth century as Domenico Theotocopuli, called El Greco. While reproductions of his work have been extensively circulated ever since the rebirth of his fame, this volume is so fully illustrated that it adds to the information of even those who have considerable files of photographs. This is the newest volume of the notable series issued by the Phaidon Press.

As in its forerunners the emphasis in this book is placed on its reproductions. The introduction by Ludwig Goldscheider briefly places the artist in relation to his time and place and traces his development—all this in the scope of nine pages. Notes on the text and the illustrations suggest without attempting to solve certain art-historical problems. To those concerned with this approach to art, who must depend on good reproductions the book will be of real value. Many of the photographs were made especially for it; doubtless most of the fine details are among them.

Painters, teachers and students of painting will also welcome this extensive record of Greco's art. They, as well as experts and experts-to-be, will find stimulation in the adroit juxtaposition of plates and the generous proportion of detail photographs, some of which reproduce a portion of a painting in the original size.—F. A. W., JR.

A New Quarterly

THE FIRST ISSUE of a review devoted to the arts and letters is always received with eagerness in a land that has too few publications of the kind. *The Kenyon Review* is certainly no exception. It is edited by John Crowe Ransom and published by Kenyon College at Gambier, Ohio.

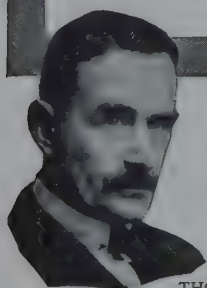
Although literature will, to judge by the first number, claim more than half of the quarterly's attention the other arts will get due consideration. An article by Paul Rosenfeld, "The Advent of American Music," which gives recognition to the composer Charles E. Ives, Ford Madox Ford's spirited "A Paris Letter," which has much to say about painters and sculptors, and Sheldon Cheney's criticism of Gerstle Mack's book on Toulouse-Lautrec deal with the non-literary arts.

The Managing Editor is Philip Blair Price; Advisory Editors are R. P. Blackmur, Paul Rosenfeld, Roberta Teale Swartz, Allen Tate, Philip Timberlake, Mark Van Doren, Eliseo Vivas.



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NEWS AND COMMENT

(Continued from page 55)

from the rest of their workmanlike book. The typography and layout by Herbert Matter date post war German. Mr. Matter gets quaint and amusing effects. But he does not help us to read the article by N. Gabo (set in Bodoni italic lines of forty-two pica measure) or the one by Dr. S. Giedion (set in diminutive Stymie) and they both should be well worth the effort, especially "Can Expositions Survive?" by Dr. Giedion.

The editors of *plus* are Wallace K. Harrison, William Lescaze, William Muschenheim, Stamo Papadaki, James Johnson Sweeney. All these gentlemen are not given to the precious affectation, the backward look. What are these "orientations" except backward? *plus* will have to add fast to catch up.

Correction

THE REPRODUCTIONS OF two relief carvings by Chaim Gross in the December issue were wrongly credited as being in the possession of the Boyer Galleries. *High Jump* and *Basket Ball Players*, both on page 697, were executed under P.W.A.P. and are installed at the Lincoln High School, New York City.

Hawaiian Heritage

IN HONOLULU HAWAIIAN children by the thousands are becoming Americanized by our efficient public school system. The Honolulu Academy of Arts is fearful lest they lose sight of their Oriental heritage. For this, among other reasons, the institution is interested in augmenting an Oriental collection which already has a good start.

The Academy's most recent acquisition is a Chinese sculpture—a Sakyamuni Buddha, carved in marble, which was formerly in the Grenville L. Winthrop Collection in New York. It represents the transition period between the archaic Wei and the plastic works of the Sui period. Osvald Siren, noted scholar, in his book, *Chinese Sculpture from the Fifth to the Fourteenth Century*, suggests that the Buddha is a Chinese translation in marble, inspired by Indian sculpture in wood. However, the young Hawaiians will doubtless not be surprised by any further proof that their ancestral heritage has more breadth than clarity.

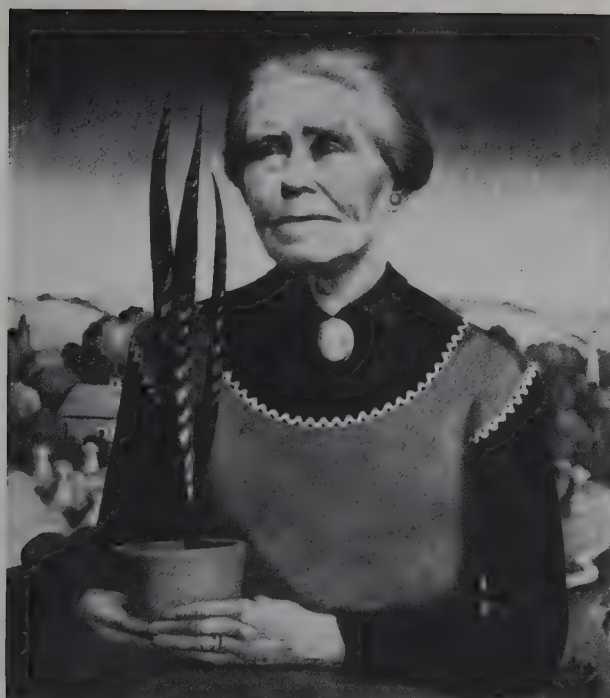
One of the Academy's great treasures not from the Far East is the animal mosaic pavement from Daphne, a suburb of Antioch-on-the-Orontes acquired in 1937 and excavated by the Princeton expedition in 1935. Authorities suspect that the villa where it was found was used as a hunting lodge.

The Honolulu Academy of Arts was founded in 1922 by Mrs. C. M. Cooke. The building, which is laid out around four open courts, was opened in 1922, the nucleus of the collection being the Chinese art which Mrs. Cooke installed at that time. It now contains a well-stocked library, a graphic arts room with about five thousand prints, mainly American, as well as a growing selection of works of art from Europe and

America to round out the collection. It conducts an alert and effective educational department, which cooperates with the schools; and has workshops for the development of handicrafts.



Sakyamuni Buddha, Chinese, Northern Ch'i, White Marble. A recent accession for the Honolulu Academy of Arts from the Grenville L. Winthrop Collection. Figure is two feet, nine inches high



Woman With Plants: GRANT WOOD.

“It may be safely said that this new reproduction technique is far superior to any that has previously been used in this country or abroad”

—From SCRIBNERS' *December Issue*

GELATONES are beautiful pictures amazingly reproduced by a newly perfected reproductive medium;—a process that has gained most enthusiastic praise from the nation's press! “Time” magazine has called these facsimiles the richest and most faithful produced in this country.

Museum and University collections have been quick to recognize the worth of these Gelatones. The Universities of Syracuse, Dartmouth, Iowa and Missouri;—the Colleges of Amherst, Wooster, Massachusetts and William and Mary, are but a few of the fifty-four schools that have already acquired these works.

Truly Collectors' Items

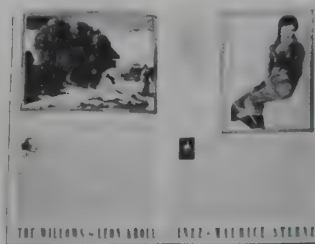
The indescribably individual character of the facsimiles can only be appreciated if recourse is made to a contemplation of the work itself. There are twelve pictures in the series. All are handsomely matted, twenty-two by twenty-eight inches. Each is priced at Seven Dollars and Fifty Cents. Regardless of this low price these pictures are truly collectors' items for they are limited in edition.

Twelve Artists Represented

The participating artists include Grant Wood, Raphael Soyer, Millard Sheets, Luigi Lucioni, Leon Kroll, Maurice Sterne, John Whorf, Adolf Dehn, Lucile Blanch, Robert Brackman, John Costigan, and Thomas Benton.

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before you read this

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A directory of America's art organizations, giving for each complete information about activities, purposes, accessions (museums), names of officers and staff members, address.

ART MUSEUMS & GALLERIES IN LATIN AMERICA & CANADA

One of the new features incorporated in Volume 34, this Directory has already received acclaim for its usefulness.

DIRECTORY OF ART SCHOOLS

Another major section of the Annual is the Art School Directory, recording such salient facts as name of director, number of instructors, curricula, enrollment, tuition, term, for winter and summer sessions. Universities and colleges with art departments are included.

FELLOWSHIPS & SCHOLARSHIPS

From whom available, amount, qualifications, how to apply.

THE ART PRESS

Magazines and newspapers carrying art notes or news, with the editor, publisher, date of issue, address and price.

PAINTINGS & PRINTS SOLD AT AUCTION: TWO SEASONS

Although paintings sold at auction (for \$200 and more) have been listed, with essential facts, for years, New Volume 34 of the Annual includes prints (fetching \$50 and up) for the first time.

COMPLETE INDEX AND CROSS REFERENCES

ENTIRELY REDESIGNED

This new Annual is, we believe you will agree, one of the most attractive books of its kind ever produced. Redesigned throughout, the book is more easily usable.

\$7 the copy • \$5.50 to Federation Members

THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS
Barr Building, Washington

JANUARY EXHIBITIONS

(Continued from page 64)

Walker Galleries, 108 E. 57 St.: Memorial Exhibition of Work by Durr Freedley; Jan. 3-21.

Whitney Museum of American Art, 10 W. 8 St.: William J. Glackens Memorial Exhibition. Annual Exhibition of Contemporary American Sculpture; Jan. 25-Feb. 25.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts: 134th Annual Exhibition of Painting & Sculpture; Jan. 29-March 5.

PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA

Carnegie Institute: Work by Robert B. Harshe; to Jan. 22.

University of Pittsburgh: 7th National Ceramic Exhibition; Jan. 4-23.

Drawings from Robert Witt Collection; Jan. 24-Feb. 11.

PORTLAND, OREGON

Portland Art Museum: French Paintings from Perls Gallery; to Jan. 31.

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

Virginia Museum of Fine Arts: Preview for Southern Group, New York World's Fair Contemporary Art Exhibition; to Jan. 20.

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

City Art Museum: 33rd Annual Exhibition of Paintings by American Artists; to Feb. 12.

SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Fine Arts Gallery: Exhibition from Rehn Gallery (AFA); Jan. 15-29.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

M. H. de Young Memorial Museum: Chinese Rubbings. Technique of Chinese Painting (AFA); Jan. 8-29.

San Francisco Museum: 3rd Annual Water Color Exhibition of the San Francisco Art Association; Jan. 24-Feb. 28.

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

Seattle Art Museum: Drawings from Babar Books (AFA). Facsimiles of Madonna Paintings. Anton Fischer Drawings. British Wood Engravers.

SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

Springfield Museum of Fine Arts: Modern German Art; Jan. 10-30.

STATE COLLEGE, PENNSYLVANIA

Pennsylvania State College: Prints by Early Masters; Jan. 2-14. Russian Architecture & City Construction; Jan. 18-25.

TACOMA, WASHINGTON

Tacoma Art Association Galleries: Water Colors by Millard Sheets. Drawings by Abe Blashko; to Jan. 16. El Greco Study Group. Family Portraits from Local Collections. Federal Art Project Paintings; to Feb. 12.

TOLEDO, OHIO

Toledo Museum: Chinese Tomb Figurines & Sculptural Items in Terra Cotta. Engravings by Albrecht Durer. National Exhibition of Representative Postwar Buildings (AFA). Paintings by Paul Hamlin.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Corcoran Gallery: Washington Water Color Club Exhibition; to Jan. 15. Society of Miniature Painters. Sculptors & Gravers Exhibition; Jan. 17-Feb. 7. Society of Washington Artists Exhibition; Jan. 28-Feb. 19.

Howard University Gallery: An American Group, Inc. (AFA); Jan. 3-24. *Museum of Modern Art Gallery*: Modern Sculpture; to Jan. 22.

Phillips Memorial Gallery: Prints & Posters by Toulouse-Lautrec. Paintings from Carnegie International & the Permanent Collection; to Jan. 15. Vuillard Exhibition; Jan. 22-Feb. 22.

U. S. National Museum: Etchings by C. LeRoy Baldrige; Jan. 3-29.

Whyte Gallery: Sculpture by Jo Davidson; Jan. 3-18.

WILLIAMSBURG, VIRGINIA

College of William & Mary Gallery: Frank Lloyd Wright's Collection of Japanese Prints; Jan. 6-20.

YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

Butler Art Institute: 4th Annual New Year Show; to Jan. 29.

GALLERIES & MUSEUMS

Wishing to be listed in our monthly calendar should reply on the cards sent for that purpose by the date specified. Those not receiving our entry cards should write asking to be placed on our mailing list. Cooperation along these lines will be greatly appreciated.—EDITOR.

CONTRIBUTORS

BECAUSE THEY WRITE about themselves and their work, three of this month's authors—**Harold Weston**, the painter, **Anita Weschler**, the sculptor, and **Edward Weston**, the photographer need little or no introduction. What they say about their work



Glackens and Ira. From a snapshot made in 1912

suffices.~Nancy Wynne and Beaumont Newhall are both greatly interested in American art past and present. Mr. Newhall did graduate work at the Fogg Art Museum, Cambridge and the Courtauld Institute, London. He is Librarian at the Museum of Modern Art. Miss Wynne went to Smith College and studied painting with Leon Kroll. Both have written for the Magazine before.~Serge A. Korff is a physicist who has



PHOTO BY JOHN DUNCAN CLARKE

Anita Weschler, Author of "A Sculptor's Summary"

worked for several years with the Carnegie Institution of Washington investigating cosmic rays by a method he perfected himself. His observations have been made in various parts of the world. In the summer of 1937 he was in the Andes. On that trip his curiosity was aroused by the remains of Inca and Pre-Inca civilizations.~Howard Devree regularly writes about New York exhibitions for the Magazine. He is a member of the staff of *The New York Times*. With her review of the Bauhaus exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art, **Mary Cooke** makes her first appearance in the Magazine. Mrs. Cooke was educated at Bryn Mawr College and the University of Cambridge. **Margaret Bruening** has frequently reviewed New York exhibitions for the Magazine. She is the art critic of the *New York Journal-American*.~Among this month's book reviewers the only newcomer is **Helen Buchalter**, art and music critic of the *Washington Daily News*, who discusses W. J. Turner's biography of Mozart.

WATCH FOR OUR SPECIAL ISSUES

ON

THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR, 1939

AND

THE GOLDEN GATE INTERNATIONAL
EXPOSITION, SAN FRANCISCO

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JANUARY EXHIBITIONS

ANDOVER, MASSACHUSETTS

Addison Gallery of American Art: Methods & Processes of Painting; Jan. 7-Feb. 12.

AUBURN, NEW YORK

Cayuga Museum: Art in Industry. Art & Science Paintings by Eugene Kingman.

AUSTIN, TEXAS

University of Texas Gallery: Macbeth Exhibition (AFA); Jan. 8-29.

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

Baltimore Museum of Art: Non-Objective Art from the Guggenheim Collection.

Walters Gallery: Contemporary Objects of Major & Minor Arts Depicting Secular Life in the Middle Ages.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Museum of Fine Arts: Paintings by Joseph Lindon Smith of Far & Near Eastern Temple & Tomb Reliefs; to Feb. 2.

Museum of Modern Art: Contemporary American Glass; to Jan. 14.

BUFFALO, NEW YORK

Albright Art Gallery: Japanese Screens; Jan. 7-30. Contemporary Painting; Jan. 5-31.

Visual Analysis of Lithography. "Industrious Buffalo" Exhibition of Patteran Society.

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VIRGINIA

University of Virginia Gallery: Kleemann Exhibition (AFA); Jan. 8-29.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Art Institute of Chicago: George Grosz Exhibition; to Jan. 15. 5th International Exhibition of Etching & Engraving; to Jan. 29. Panels by Giovanni di Paolo; to Jan. 30. Bonnard-Vuillard Exhibition; to Jan. 15. Architecture by Mies van der Rohe; to Jan. 15. Gros, Gericault, Delacroix Exhibition; to Jan. 15.

Katharine Kuh Gallery: Death Valley Photographs by Edward Weston.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

Cincinnati Art Museum: Loan Exhibition of 16th to 19th Century Drawings; to Feb. 13. "Life of the Virgin" Engravings by Durer; to Jan. 8. Christmas Prints of Six Centuries; Jan. 1-26.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

Cleveland Museum of Art: Oriental Miniature Paintings & Drawings; to Jan. 22. Masters of Popular Painting; to Jan. 22. 16th Century German Woodcuts; Jan. 3-Feb. 5.

DALLAS, TEXAS

Dallas Museum of Fine Arts: Oriental Portraits. Japanese Prints; to Jan. 15. Klepper Club Exhibition; to Jan. 14. Southern States Art League Exhibition; Jan. 1-28. Amateur Photography. Modern European Prints; Jan. 8-Feb. 8.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Detroit Institute of Arts: Prints by Durer; Jan. 3-Feb. 12.

GREEN BAY, WISCONSIN

Neville Public Museum: Woodcarvings from Oberammergau; to Jan. 25. Silver from Garvan Collection.

HAGERSTOWN, MARYLAND

Washington County Museum: Pennsylvania German Illuminations (AFA); Jan. 1-29.

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

Wadsworth Atheneum: Hartford Salmagundians Exhibition; Jan. 7-29.

HOUSTON, TEXAS

Museum of Fine Arts: Old Masters from Flemish, Italian & German Schools. Recent

Paintings by Hovsep Pushman. Oils & Plastic Metals by Edmund Kinzinger. Water Colors by Frances Failing.

IOWA CITY, IOWA

University of Iowa Gallery: Student Work from Chouinard Art Institute; to Jan. 27.

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

Kansas City Art Institute: Paintings by Thirty Contemporary Artists from Phillips Collection (AFA).

William Rockhill Nelson Gallery: Sculpture in Permanent Collection. Adolf Dehn Water Colors. Photography; Jan. 1-30.

LAGUNA BEACH, CALIFORNIA

Laguna Beach Art Association: Members Exhibition.

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA

University of Nebraska Gallery: Surrealist Art by Frederico Castellon (AFA); Jan. 4-25.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Foundation of Western Art: 6th Annual Exhibition of California Water Colors; to Jan. 28.

Los Angeles Museum: Paintings from Kraushaar-Rehn Galleries; to Jan. 12.

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

Speed Memorial Museum: 11th Annual Exhibition Kentucky & Indiana Artists; Jan. 8-22.

MILLS COLLEGE, CALIFORNIA

Mills College Art Gallery: Photographs of Egypt by Dr. Hamann.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

Minneapolis Institute of Arts: 49th Annual Exhibition of Art Institute of Chicago; to Jan. 22.

University Gallery: A New House by Frank Lloyd Wright; to Jan. 14.

MONTCLAIR, NEW JERSEY

Montclair Art Museum: Work by Thomas R. Manley. Paintings by Ray Wilcox, R. Turner Wilcox & Ruth Wilcox.

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

Newark Art Museum: Ancient Musical Instruments. Contemporary American Water Colors & Sculpture. Early Mediterranean Exhibit. Theatre in Retrospect. Photographs & Sheet Music.

NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT

Yale University Gallery of Fine Arts: American Artists Group. Inc. Studies of Chinese Types by Graham Peck; to Jan. 14. William Sergeant Kendall Memorial Exhibition; Jan. 12-27. Bancel La Farge Memorial Exhibition; Jan. 22-Feb. 5.

NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT

Lyman Allyn Museum: Art Work by Public School Children.

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA

Isaac Delgado Museum: Batiks by Fred Dreher; Jan. 3-31. Paintings by F. Drexel Smith.

NEW YORK CITY

A. C. A. Gallery, 52 W. 8 St.: Drawings by Art Young; Jan. 8-21.

American Artists School Gallery: Students' Exhibition.

Arden Gallery, 460 Park Ave.: Loan Exhibition of Rare Jades.

Argent Galleries, 42 W. 57 St.: Water Colors & Prints by National Association of Women Painters & Sculptors; to Jan. 14. Landscapes by Katherine B. Larkin. Paintings by Yvonne du Bois; Jan. 16-28.

Bignou Gallery, 32 E. 57 St.: Recent Works by Jean Lurcat; Jan. 2-14. Centenary of Photography; Jan. 16-31.

Boyer Galleries, 69 E. 57 St.: Oil Paintings by David Burliuk, Louis Eilshemius, Gerrit Hondius, Harold Weston.

Buchholz Gallery, 32 E. 57 St.: Work by Kurt Roesch; to Jan. 14.

Durand-Ruel, Inc., 12 E. 57 St.: French Paintings.

Ferargil Galleries, 63 E. 57 St.: Paintings by Luigi Lucioni; Jan. 1-14. Yarnall Abbott Gilmer Petroff; Jan. 15-30. C. A. Brodener; Jan. 23-Feb. 7.

Folk Arts Center, 673 5th Ave.: Folk Art from Hawaiian Islands; to Jan. 31.

French Art Galleries, Inc., 51 E. 57 St.: French Impressionists; to Jan. 31.

Grand Central Galleries, 15 Vanderbilt Ave.: 100 Prints from Society of American Etchers Exhibition.

5th Ave. & 51 St.: Robert Henri Exhibition.

Kleemann Galleries, 38 E. 57 St.: Prints by Whistler; Jan. 1-31.

M. Knoedler, Inc., 14 E. 57 St.: Views of Paris; Jan. 9-28.

C. W. Kraushaar Art Galleries, 730 5th Ave.: Water Colors by Demuth, Prendergast, Keller, Wilcox & Others; to Jan. 7. Paintings by H. H. Newton; Jan. 7-28.

Julien Levy Gallery, 15 E. 57 St.: Work by Abraham Rattner; Jan. 3-17. Massio Campigli; Jan. 17-Feb. 7.

Lilienfeld Galleries, 21 E. 57 St.: Oils & Gouaches by Chagall; to Jan. 7.

Metropolitan Museum of Art, 5th Ave. & 12 St.: Chinese Tapestries; Jan. 14-Feb. 26. Augustan Art; to Feb. 19.

Midtown Galleries, 605 Madison Ave.: Water Colors by Jacob Getlar Smith; to Jan. 14.

Paintings by Isabel Bishop; Jan. 17-Feb. 4.

Milch Galleries, 108 W. 57 St.: Selected Paintings by American Artists.

Charles L. Morgan Galleries, 37 W. 57 St.: Paintings of the Modern Dance by Albert Carman; Jan. 20-Feb. 4. Paintings by Leslie Powell; Jan. 4-18.

Morton Galleries, 130 W. 57 St.: Color Compositions by Bertha Remick; Jan. 9-21. Water Colors by Virginia Parker; Jan. 23-Feb. 4.

Municipal Art Galleries, 3 E. 67 St.: Work by New York Artists.

Museum of Modern Art, 14 W. 49 St.: The Bauhaus: 1919-1928; to Jan. 31.

New York Public Library, 5th Ave. & 42 St.: Political Cartoons by Joseph Keppler.

Pierpont Morgan Library, 29 E. 36 St.: French Exhibition: Drawings, Illuminated Manuscripts & Illustrated Books; to March 15.

F. K. M. Rehn Gallery, 683 5th Ave.: Paintings & Water Colors by Charles Burchfield; Jan. 3-28.

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Drive: Contemporary American Indian Paintings. Far Eastern Painting & Sculpture; to Jan. 8. Chicago Society of Artists Exhibition. Retrospective Exhibition of Photography by Lewis W. Hine; Jan. 11-Feb. 26.

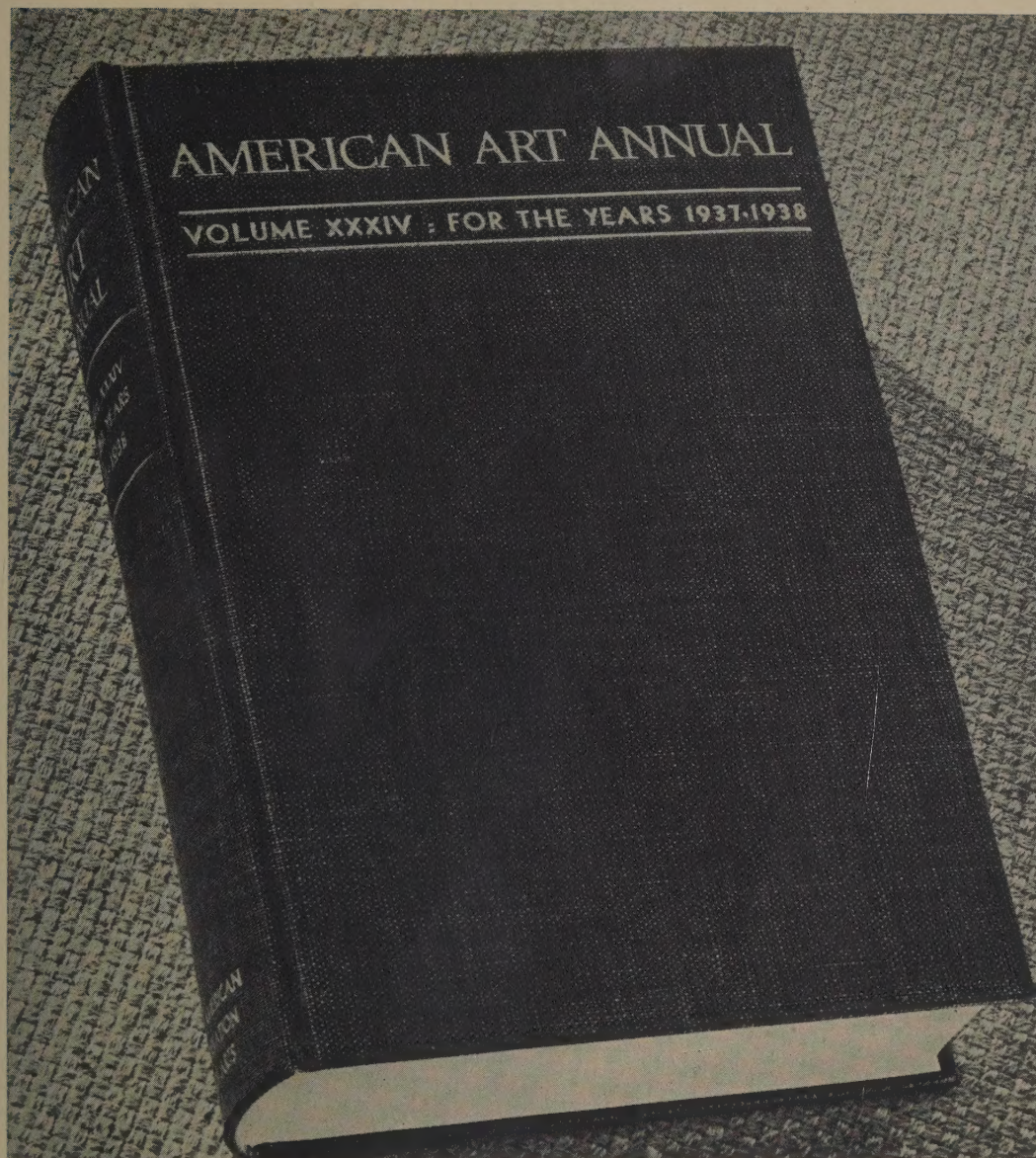
Schaeffer Gallery, 61 E. 57 St.: Paintings by Old Masters.

Marie Sterner Galleries, 9 E. 57 St.: Paintings by Caroline Martin; Jan. 3-15.

Studio Guild, 730 5th Ave.: Paintings by Mary Falkner; Jan. 16-28.

Hudson D. Walker Galleries, 38 E. 57 St.: Work by Arthur Silz; to Jan. 14.

(Continued on page 62)



There's a New AMERICAN ART ANNUAL Now!

ANSWERS TO YOUR QUESTIONS ABOUT ART ACTIVITY IN AMERICA

IF YOU need, or want, facts and information about America's art organizations and art activity, new Volume 34 of the Art Annual is an essential possession. For it answers your questions quickly, effortlessly—and accurately!

The first Annual since February, 1937, this new edition is significant for several reasons: First, it is more attractive, easier to use than any previous edition. Secondly, it brings you added features of especial usefulness today. Thirdly, from now on the Art Annual will appear every two

years. The Annual will alternate with its companion volume, Who's Who in American Art. Volume 34 will serve you until the Fall of 1940.

New Volume 34 of the Annual

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FOR A COMPLETE DESCRIPTION OF WHAT'S IN THE ANNUAL TURN TO PAGE 62

An Announcement OF ESPECIAL INTEREST TO THE DIRECTORS OF
LEADING MUSEUMS AND THE PEOPLE OF THEIR COMMUNITIES

THROUGH THE COURTESY OF THE
WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART
A GLACKENS MEMORIAL EXHIBITION
IS AVAILABLE FOR NATIONAL CIRCULATION

IT IS with great pleasure that we announce the circulation of a Memorial Exhibition of the work of William Glackens. This exhibition, the second in the Federation's program of an important new series of traveling collections, is available to America's museums through the courtesy of the Whitney Museum of American Art.

The traveling exhibition will be selected directly from the current "William Glackens Memorial Exhibition" at the Whitney, by Mrs. Juliana Force, Director of the Museum, Mr. Hermon More, Cura-

tor, and Mr. Forbes Watson, Associate Editor of the Magazine of Art. It will be composed of forty paintings and twenty-five drawings. An unusual catalog is contemplated, to be published at a nominal cost.

The exhibition will be available after March 10, to Museums only at a comparatively low rental fee. For complete details as to cost, date for showing, works included, and other information please communicate with Miss Helen H. Cambell, Exhibition Secretary of The American Federation of Arts, National Headquarters, 801 Barr Building, Washington.

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